

The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 50.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1906.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE OPENING SALE

Children's Spring Dresses

Brings before you a better line than ever before. The department has grown to such proportions that you can find the most desirable dresses at prices much less than it would cost you to make.

We quote a FEW goods from the large stock.

GINGHAM DRESSES trimmed with embroidery and braid, sizes 1 to 4 years, price, 25c.

GINGHAM DRESSES in a great assortment of patterns, at .39c.

GINGHAM DRESSES, red and blue, trimmed with white duck and braid, sizes 6 to 14 years, 75c.

CHAMBRAY DRESSES in blues and reds, trimmed with white duck, 6 to 14 years, 98c.

SAILOR SUITS of white Indian head, trimmed with blue duck, 6 to 14 years, \$1.98.

DRESSES of black and white gingham of fine quality, piped with red, has red silk tie, sizes 6 to 14 years, \$1.98.

DUCK SUIT of blue, trimmed with white embroidery, has a white mull tie, 6 to 14 years, \$2.50.

SAILOR SUITS of linen with yoke front trimmed with red, sizes 6 to 14 years, \$2.98.

SAILOR SUITS of linen, trimmed, with blue duck with white braid, \$2.98.

WHITE LAWN SUITS made in many designs, trimmed with laces and ribbons, 6 to 14 years, prices, \$1.75 and \$1.98.

Don't overlook the Curtain Sale now going on, for there is a saving for you.

Thomas Smiley

Telephone 112-2.

127-129 MAIN STREET,

NORWAY MAINE.

E. C. STAPLES,

CORONER, LICENSED

EMBALMER and UNDERTAKER,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Night Call at Prospect House.

Local Telephone.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Main Street.

BETHEL, MAINE.

MRS. GEO. I. BURNHAM.

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Teacher of Piano and Organ.

At Bethel, Fridays and Saturdays.

At West Paris, Tuesday.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

WILSON'S MILLS.

School commenced April 15 with L. B. Coy as teacher, it being his second term here.

H. W. Fickett fell dislocating his shoulder. Dr. Hight of Milan was called to attend him.

J. W. York came up Wednesday with a crew. He drives the timber belonging to the International Paper Co. out of the Magalloway.

The snow is nearly gone and the streams are clear of ice.

Saturday, April 21, mercury stood at 68, and the morning of the 22d snow squalls. We are treated to frequent changes in the weather.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Charles H. Fletcher**

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

J. D. Kimball of Hanover was in town Monday.

Mr. Wesley Wheeler is now assisting at the Bisbee Mill.

Mrs. W. H. Farnham of Locke's Mills attended the Grange meeting yesterday.

W. H. Eastman, seedsman, attended the Pomona Tuesday and called upon relatives.

Mrs. Pheobe Crooker was in Bethel last Friday and is to occupy a room at Bryant Pond.

Ernest Demeritt a guide in the Lake region, went to his camp at Wentworth Location, last Saturday.

Mrs. I. C. Jordan returned the first of the week from Foxcroft and Bangor where she has been visiting relatives.

Mr. Fred Stilson of Brockton, Mass., is the guest of his brother, Mr. H. W. Stilson at the home of Miss Lucy Fox.

Mrs. Hamlin and her daughter, Annie Hamlin of Berlin, N. H., have been visiting Mrs. Hamlin's sisters, Mrs. G. P. Bean and Miss Cross.

Mrs. Harold Chapman and son have returned to Auburn having spent several days with Mrs. Chapman's mother, Mrs. W. D. Hastings.

The Eastern Star will meet this evening. As there is to be work it is urgently requested that all officers and members be present if possible.

Mrs. Emily Felt of Bryant Pond was among those who attended the Grange meeting Tuesday and remained to visit friends.

Arthur Bunting, formerly station agent at Bethel, and now of Groveton, N. H., has been transferred to Richmond, Province Quebec and will move his family there soon.

The Ladies' Club will have a vacation of several weeks, not meeting again until after the Academy Commencement unless at call of the president for a special meeting.

The selectmen have issued their warrant to Constable H. C. Baker to kill all dogs not licensed and to swear out a warrant against the owners. Look out for your dogs.

The annual meeting of the Bethel Library Association will be held Monday evening, May 7 at 7:30 o'clock. It is hoped that the patrons of the library will feel it a duty to attend.

The annual parish meeting of the Universalist church will be held in Patte chapel on Saturday evening, May 5, at 7:30. The trustees urgently request all persons in anyway interested in the church to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Schoonover of Carbondale, Pa. are the guests of their son Rev. F. B. Schoonover. Mr. Schoonover is superintendent of the perforating department of the Hendrick Mfg. Co. of Carbondale. Pending a strike and the delay of large orders he improves the opportunity to visit Maine for the first time.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. N. R. Springer on Main street Tuesday, May 8, at three o'clock p. m. This will be the annual meeting for election of officers, collection of membership dues and appointment of delegates to the County convention which will meet at Rumford Falls, May 22 and 23. A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies to join the Union, if not personally invited.

Mr. Lyman Wheeler may be considered one of Bethel's youngest lumbermen. Last fall he purchased a farm on Grover Hill of his uncle who lives in California and during the winter began his initial lumbering operation and has cut, yarded and delivered in cord wood, stove wood and pulp to the amount of 50 cords also about 15,000 feet of pine. This is pretty good for a starter.

Oranges 15 for 25 cents at R. E. L. Farwell's.

Miss Evelyn Briggs is the guest of Mrs. Ceylon Rowe.

Mrs. Mary Garland has returned to Bethel for the summer.

Lyman Wheeler has returned to his work at the Creamery.

Friends of Mrs. Olive Young are sorry to learn that she had an ill turn last Friday morning.

Next Saturday at 2 p. m. the G. A. base ball team will play Bridgton Academy at Riverside Park.

Miss Lorna Littlehale who was employed in the News office during the winter, is now teaching in Greenwood.

Miss Ruth Bean who has been employed by Mrs. R. R. Tibbets for a few weeks past, has returned to her home.

Mr. Ernest Holmes who has been attending Gould's Academy for the past year, has returned to his home in Lincoln.

Miss M. B. Merrill of Portland has returned to Bethel for the summer; she will as usual make her home at Mrs. Frye's on Broad street.

Mr. Perley Speed of LaGrange who has been attending Gould's Academy has gone to Rumford Falls where he has employment during the summer.

To night at Pattee's Hall a hulled corn supper given by the ladies of the Methodist church. Supper tickets 20 cents.

Mr. Wesley Wheeler who has been working at the Creamery during the winter, has closed his work there and now has employment at the Bisbee grain mill.

Mr. John F. Howe formerly of Bethel, was one of the attendants at the Pomona grange. Mr. Howe is now conducting a milk business at Bryant Pond.

The members of Brown Post and Ladies Relief Corps gave a very pleasant reception to Mrs. S. E. Putnam last Friday evening at Pattee Hall. A short program consisting of recitations and music was had, refreshments were served and the evening proved a very enjoyable one to all.

A base ball game in which all will be interested will be played at Riverside Park on Thursday, May 10, beginning at 3 p. m. This game will be between the business men of Bethel and the Academy team. It will be played for the benefit of the Academy team and large patronage is hoped for and expected.

A large number of Odd Fellows and Rebekahs attended the memorial service of the I. O. O. F. at the M. E. church last Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Schoonover's sermon was exceedingly fine and the music by a union choir much enjoyed. The church decorations were in green and I. O. O. F., the three links and P. L. T. done in cedar were over the pulpit.

Mr. Louis I. Mercier who has been employed at Errol, N. H., for the past month, has gone into Demeritt's camp seven miles from Wentworth Location postoffice and will act as assistant guide during the summer. Visitors are already beginning to come for the summer, among whom is numbered Mrs. Dr. O'Brien of Washington, D. C., who with her family will spend a number of months at this camp.

Mr. William C. Bean, who has been in charge of the wireless telegraphy station at Washington, D. C. the past year, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bean. Mr. Bean has recently been appointed to the Warrant Officership of Electrical Gunner and will have charge of the new U. S. S. Connecticut now being built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and will probably go in commission in July or August. Mr. Bean is to be congratulated on this appointment receiving highest rank in a class of sixteen.

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Changed Proprietors.

Mr. G. M. Furbush who came to Bethel nearly two years ago and purchased the business of Mr. G. P. Bean has sold to Mr. G. L. Thurston of Bethel and Mr. Thurston will have possession of the business this afternoon. While Mr. Furbush has not definitely decided where he will locate he rather expects to go to West Paris where he has an interest in a store which is run by his nephew.

Mr. Thurston is well known in Bethel and vicinity as a live, progressive business man. He is quite extensively interested in the lumbering business in which he has been very successful and we predict for him the same success in his new business as he has ever attended his efforts in the past. It is his intention to carry the same general line of goods as has been carried at this store and he will endeavor to carry on a business which shall merit and receive the generous patronage of the public.

The Kellogg Lecture.

The lecture in Odeon hall last Saturday evening by Charles Denni on Kellogg was indeed an unique affair and not only one of the most interesting lectures to which our people have ever been permitted to listen but an exceedingly instructive entertainment as well.

Mr. Kellogg has spent a large part of his whole life in the woods really associating with bird life. He takes with him neither gun nor compass but is ever accompanied by his almost human dog, Don, who is as dear a lover of birds and animals as is his master.

In his association with God's creatures he has learned their ways, their characteristics, how to approach them and gain their confidence as it were, and thus being able to get close to them, he has copied their songs and sounds by means of the phonograph and from the phonographic reproductions of these songs and sounds he has learned to reproduce them and can thus in reality talk with the birds.

He produced for his audience the songs and wabblings of many different birds and his reproductions were indeed marvelous. He is certainly a "natural naturalist" in the truest sense; a man with a birth gift of bird imitations, improved and perfected by years of forest life among the feathered species. The result is more than a charming recital of bird music, it is a lecture taking one over many an interesting and adventurous trip and is a constant delight. Nothing of its kind was ever heard in Bethel before and our people certainly owe much to Mr. Kellogg who so kindly consented to break for the first time the rule of his life, not to go upon the lecture platform after closing his winter season and taking up his life with nature and his feathered friends, until his summer season is closed.

Mr. Kellogg's intention is to spend but two more winters in the lecture field after which he proposes to spend his days at his camps in Newry, the most delightful spot to him in all the world.

MARSHALL DISTRICT.

Mr. and Mrs. Lute Andrews and two children called at George Briggs' last Sunday.

Roy Andrews visited at his grandparents', Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Ann Flints has moved to her son's Mr. Parker Flint where she will make her home in the future.

Charles McAllister lost a young cow Fast day.

Mr. V. Lord called on George Briggs last Sunday.

For Sale.

Two lots of timber land in Newry, near Bethel town line on Sunday River adjoining Richard Williamson's farm. For further information, address,

E. E. BARKER, M. D.,
30 Veranda Street,
Portland, Maine.

King's Irish Linen.

Just Received 100 boxes King's Irish Linen

put up especially for me. A quire of paper, linen finish, 24 envelopes to match and blotter put up in attractive box.

This is a grade of Stationery really superior to most of the 25 cent boxes and I have marked it **only 19c. a box.**

Try a box, if you don't like it I will cheerfully refund the money.

EDWARD KING, BETHEL, ME.

MILLINERY

Before selecting your spring **HAT** call and examine our large line of **UP-TO-DATE** millinery in the latest styles and shades, at **PRICES** that will **SUIT YOU.**

HIEBER & DURAND,

Corner of Broad and Main Streets,

Bethel, Maine.

Children's Ball.

The children's dancing school which has been conducted by Mrs. E. C. Rowe during the past few weeks gave a ball last Thursday evening at Odeon Hall, and appeared before the public for the first time.

A large audience greeted them and watched with interest and wonder the ease and grace with which all, from the largest child to the smallest, moved about in the different figures, keeping more perfect time to the music than adults usually do.

Parents and teachers saw their little girls and boys transformed for the time into perfect ladies and gentlemen, as much at home as the most cultured grown-up person could be.

Not only have they been taught to move gracefully and easily to the sound of sweetest music, but instruction has been given them in politeness, and courtesy to all.

Their graceful and easy manners were very noticeable in the Grand March. The Lancers Quadrille which is quite difficult to learn, was carried through by the children as easy, seemingly, as the others.

The chaperones for the evening were Mrs. Tuell, Mrs. Dana Philbrook, Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. William Kendall. Miss Elsie Hall presided at the piano, with her usual skill.

It was to be regretted that the little miss who was first to suggest the dancing school and was enthusiastic over it had an unlucky fall and was prevented from attending all through.

Many thanks are due Mrs. Rowe for her patient and untiring efforts given gratuitously, in behalf of the children. She never does anything by halves, and is sure to give us another pleasant evening with the children in mid-summer, as she has already been asked by many of the parents to conduct a summer school during vacation.

E. W. COLSON.

CHURCH NOTES

UNIVERSALIST.

Preaching services at the Universalist church will be held in Pattee chapel next Sunday at 10.45. Topic, "God's Providence in Nature." Miss Jane Gibson will sing. Sunday School at 12. Y. P. C. U. at 7 p. m. Topic, "Sincerity."

CONGREGATIONAL.

Next Sunday morning the sermon topic will be, "The Simple Bible." Sunday School at noon. Christian Endeavor services at 6.45 o'clock, topic, "Wheat or Tares." Consecration meeting. Pastor's half hour at 7.30 o'clock. "The Lamp of Life." A cordial welcome to all.

METHODIST.

Morning Preaching Service at 10.45. Sunday School 12.00. Epworth League 6.15. Evening Preaching Service 7.15.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

The Oxford Pomona Grange met yesterday with the Bethel Grange. About 300 attended the meeting which was pronounced by all an interesting and helpful one. The fifth degree was worked on thirty candidates.

One important feature of the meeting was the adoption of resolutions given below. This action was because of the position which State Master Gardner has recently taken on the temperance question and not only expresses the sentiment of the Oxford Pomona but of the granges throughout the State.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, It becomes more and more apparent that there is to be a great conflict in our state in the near future between sobriety, virtue and the home on the one side, and intemperance, vice, liquor traffic on the other. And as there are good citizens who honestly believe the submission of our prohibitory law and the arraying of these opposing forces at the ballot box with all the attending danger of the corrupt use of money and the combined influence of the liquor interests both in and out of the state to be for the best interest of temperance, and

WHEREAS, The main argument of the temperance resubmissionist is against the nullification of law, and that this evil would be wiped out under a license law; and as is evident from careful inquiry and from criminal records that there is more nullification of law as well as more breaking of all laws under license than under prohibition, therefore

Resolved: That Oxford County Pomona Grange cannot remain silent on this great moral issue and be held blameless.

Resolved: That regardless of the many disappointments and humiliations in the past by reason of nullification, official corruption and neglect of duty, we reaffirm our faith in and loyalty to the principles of prohibition as opposed to any scheme of resubmission, high license or local option whatever.

Resolved: That any officer of the law who repeatedly neglects his duty, or willfully violates his oath of officer should be prosecuted by the proper authority and expelled from his official position in disgrace.

Resolved: That the discussion of this issue involves principles too sacred to be entered into in any spirit of partisan politics, and that we entertain only kindly feelings towards those who differ with us only in regard to the best method of dealing with this great and acknowledged evil of intemperance.

For Nervous Children A Teaspoonful of "L. F."

North Bucksport, Me., Oct. 30, 1903.
Dear Sirs:—
I have used "L. F." Bitters for about two years and have found it very beneficial. One of my neighbors has a small boy who had a very nervous trouble. "L. F." has almost completely cured him in a very short time.

Yours truly,
MRS. JEDEDIAH SEAVEY,

Eases nerve pressure by nature's own method. A healthy liver and well regulated bowels. You can depend upon "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, 35 cents at all stores.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law.
BETHEL, ME.
H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.
Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at Bethel, Maine.
Wormell Stand.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

One Way Second Class Colonist Fares. In effect Feb. 13th, 1906, to April 7th, 1906, as per circular Feb. 7th.

Phoenix, Ariz., by Ash Fork	
Vancouver, B. C.	
Victoria, B. C.	
Los Angeles, Cal.	
San Francisco, Cal.	\$51.25
Portland, Oregon	
Roseburg, Oregon	
Seattle, Wash.	
Tacoma, Wash.	
Roseland, B. C.	\$40.75
Spokane, Wash.	
Billings, Mont.	\$42.25
El Paso, Texas.	\$43.25
Butte, Mont.	
Helena, Mont.	
Redville, Colo.	\$47.25

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

Pine State Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$3.50. Best shoe made in Maine. Also Pillsbury-Howe shoe for children. I also have a good stock of Rubbers, Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

Repairing Done well and Promptly.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

I DO NOT KEEP THE ONLY GROCERY IN BETHEL.

But I have a complete stock of

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY,
FRUIT, NUTS, TOBACCO
AND CIGARS.

If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

R. E. L. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

LADIES

Dr. LaFrance's Compound Gives Positive Relief
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Specially adapted for all cases of
menstrual trouble. Sufferers need only
take 300,000 Women's Friend, 25 Cents, drug
store or by mail. Testimonials and book free.
Dr. LaFrance. Philadelphia, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Glosses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never fails to remove Gray
Hair and restores the youthful color.
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling.
25c and \$1.00 at Druggists

They Cure! Harvard Headache Powders

Will be found to give immediate relief in all cases of Nervous, Neuralgia, and Sick Headache. 25 cents per box.—Prepared and Sold by

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Mail orders promptly filled.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

SURRENDERED HIS CLAIM

By ANNIE B. HOUSEMAN

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph E. Howells.)

It was a rough road in the Blue Ridge range, away up in that part of North Carolina where there is little more of civilization than is found in any typical mountain country; but the fact was scarcely noticed by the man whose jog-trotting little Jenny meandered stolidly along.

They were a peculiarly well-mated pair—this man and beast. To a close observer they bore each other a resemblance. Most likely it was a similarity in their dispositions, though I hasten to absolve Hall Jenkins from the little creature's inherited characteristics, for while he was humble and patient and stolid and stupid, he was possessed of no very marked will power; and we all understand fully the meaning of "stubborn as a mule."

It was growing warm, and Jenny was getting tired, as they had come ten miles from Lowell, and it was now long past noon; and though she could boast that her speed had been good on this rocky road, Jenny was thinking of a well-remembered little stream that they should be nearing, and, if her steps were slower, they were quite decided, while her ears flew forward and backward more rapidly.

The rider did not perceive this. He was thinking of the rude little hut that was his home, and the pretty wife who awaited him, and the child. How pleased she would be with the candy—real red striped sticks—and the bright little dress he had bought for her! He remembered so vividly the day he met Liza and the child at the Lowell fair.

The little one was trotting along and prattling so cunningly that he gave her some candy after which she became so friendly that she insisted upon him being her escort to see the pigs and horses. Of course he was delighted at the opportunity of meeting Liza and her parents, and soon they were all good friends.

After this Jenny often made the trip to Lowell, which fact explains her thorough knowledge of the road; and one day, Hall never knew how it happened, Liza promised to be his wife, and he went in search of the old man to ask his consent, for this kind of thing is conducted about the same way the world over.

The old man had coughed, and, easing himself around in the chair, spat quite far off the little portico; then crossed and recrossed his legs several times, and drawled out:

"Waa-l, ya-ass, I reckon so—but ye know Liza do be fond o' the chile. I guess ye be 'lowin' to take 'em both?" Hall smiled now to remember that he grew almost angry at this, and replied that he would not dream of separating them, even if Liza should be willing.

"Waa-l, ye see, I 'low'd as how ye'd better know that we uns don't know who the chile's father be—an'—fur as our love fur Liza goes, don't give a darn. But of ye an' her is set on each other an' ye've a min' to take 'em an' treat 'em white—all right. But long as I live I 'lows to see 'em well treated."

Hall expressed the proper gratitude and went back to Liza. Soon he took her to his little home and provided her with all the rude comforts possible, and right happy she seemed to be, and the child was a constant joy. True, she was not his own, but she was Liza's, and so was his, and in his weekly visits to town he never forgot to bring a gift with which to win from her a delighted cry and a hearty hug.

Jenny was very near her goal now, and at the sight of his shining surface, jogged up a few steps and waded in with evident delight. She went in up to her knees, and stretched her short neck out to drink as she went a little deeper, while Hall pulled his feet up on her back.

Truly, this was a cool, pleasant place, and between drinks Jenny eyed admiringly a shady spot beside the road under some large trees. Verily, this was a good place to rest, but Hall would not care to stay here long; he knew of a much more promising resting-place further on, where there would be loving hands to welcome, and a nice dinner to refresh the inner man. Poor Jenny! her reasoning could not reach so far; she had found a nice, cool place, that just suited her, and when Hall finally urged her to move on, she stepped a little further in and planted her feet decidedly.

A look of stony despair spread over Hall's face. He knew Jenny. More than once he had seen Jenny plant herself just so, with the result that Hall walked on home, after uselessly pulling, whipping and cursing; then leaving her to return home at her leisure. But never before had the circumstances been just these.

Hall groaned and cursed a little, and tried persuasion and a few blows, which lacked emphasis, because he knew them to be useless, and then, being very patient, he decided to just sit there awhile—possibly Jenny would relent ere long.

They were in a truly ridiculous position; at least it seemed so to a man whose large, well-fed, well-groomed horse emerged from the indefinite somewhere behind, and he seemed to take in the situation easily. Hall, who had decided to get down and walk, turned slightly in the saddle, and looked at the stranger with a comically helpless expression. They regarded each other a few moments, then grasping anew the absurdity of the thing, both men burst into a nearly guffaw that made the

woods ring and Jenny turn her head to see the newcomer.

The stranger was a tall, lank, but well-made man, of about 34. He was comfortably dressed, and wore high boots and a slouch hat. His face was noticeable for large, dark eyes and a heavy brown mustache. Around his waist were deposited a brace of revolvers and a knife.

"Wall, fr'en," he called, "guess yer need he'n. Been there long?"

"Naw," answered Hall, "not very; but I doan guess nobody kin hep me much. I'll ha' ter wade an' walk it." The stranger rode into the stream, almost touching Jenny as he halted, and they began discussing ways and means. They had about decided to transfer Hall to the other side on the horse, and then attaching Jenny's bridle to the horse's girth, pulling; when lo! there was a gentle whinny from Jenny as she moved up to the stranger's saddle-bags and began sniffing.

"By jingo!" cried Hall. "Nothin' better," drawled the stranger, as he knowingly looked at Hall and moved on across the stream. Jenny followed the scent of corn and oats, and by the judicious use of a few handfuls was coerced on her way as stolidly and jog-trottingly as ever.

When they were fairly started Hall thanked the stranger, who said, hastily:

"Not 't all," and they went on a few paces in silence; then the stranger said, indifferently: "Been to Lowell?"

"Yaas."

"Any news?"

"Na-aw, nothin' particular, 'ceptin' Ben Reubin's gang's been out ag'in, and no hope o' catchin' o' 'em."

"What they been at this time?"

"Got one o' their pards out o' Lowell jail, I believe, an' he'ped 'emself to horses."

"Gittin' kinder bad, air they?"

"So they say," answered Hall, lightly, "but they doan bother me; seems how I doan believe nobody'd have Jenny."

Both men laughed. "Naw," said the stranger, decidedly, with a peculiar inflection, "I doan think ye need to be a-scard. Jenny'd be a right dangerous animal fur the gang."

Again they rode in silence. Hall was not much of a talker, but soon the stranger spoke with true mountain distinctness:

"An' what may be yer name, fr'en? an' how fur be ye goin' this road?" If this question was unpleasantly personal and pointed, the honest Hall did not feel it, but answered, readily:

"I keep the straight road after you reach the Pikeville fork, and go on about four mile. My name's Hall Jenkins, and I call my place Happy Hollow; but Liza, my wife, 'lows Sleepy Hollow 'd suit it best," and Hall's pale blue eyes smiled into the mustached man's brown ones, that were filled now with a strangely hostile gleam.

"So ye be married—who'd ye marry?"

Hall's smile widened perceptibly. "Miss Liza Hutch, up at Lowell—we been married now three months."

"Humph!" snorted the stranger, whose white teeth now pressed deep into his lips: There was a dangerous gleam in his eyes now, and his hand played nervously about his belt as he glanced furtively at Hall. Certainly there was nothing offensive in the kind-looking little man upon his dumpy trotter. In fact, a more humble and friendly looking pair could hardly be found, and soon the ugly look faded from the stranger's face, and into it there crept a pained, weary expression.

"Then I guess yer've got the little 'un, too, eh?" he asked, calmly.

"Oh, yes," said Hall, "an' a jolly purty little joy she is, too."

The stranger said nothing at this, and once more silence reigned. Hall was thinking and wondering in a vague, undefined way, in which there was a little curiosity as to how this stranger came to know of the little one, but he never thought to ask. The stranger was thinking, too, and evidently his thoughts were not happy ones, for in the depths of his brown eyes one could have read a long story of sadness.

Neither spoke until they neared the Pikeville fork, then the stranger's mind seemed decided on some question, and suddenly straightening up, he readjusted his belt, tightened his reins and drawled out as though there had never been an emotion in his life, and certainly was not now:

"Waal, fr'en, I am glad yer an' Liza's happy, and that yer're good to her an' the little 'un. I guess I'd better tell yer that Liza belongs to me by right of first possession, an' the little 'un is mine because I'm her father; but seem's my name's Ben Reubins, this climate ain't healthy fur me, nor no place ter live steady, so I doan min' the little 'un bein' called Jenkins. I come this time to fetch 'em both, but found in Lowell that Liza wuz married. Waal, and there was a tremble in his drawl, "I doan blame her. I guess they both be better off in yer hands than mine, and they're yer'n hands, so I give up, but I guess I'd better tell yer, an' I doan want yer to furtig, if I ever ha' o' yer a mis-treatin' either one o' them, I won't leave a solid place on yer big enough to lay a dollar on."

Hall was looking at him now in a dazed sort of fashion, through which the light of understanding was faintly dawning.

"You need not tell Liza 'bout seem's me, but teach the little one not to hate Ben Reubins."

The stranger touched his hat with the butt of his riding whip, struck his horse a smart blow with its end, and disappeared down the Pikeville fork.

WELL-BORN PAUPERS

LAST OF MANY ENGLISH HOUSES IN POOR CIRCUMSTANCES.

But Few of the Present Peers Can Trace Their Descent from the Nobles of the Days of Chivalry.

It is a fact well known to all students of family history, said a genealogical expert to a writer for London Tit-Bits, that, if you want to find the "bluest blood" and the longest descents, you must go, not to the peerage, but to the great middle classes, and even lower, and that many a proud wearer of a duke's or an earl's coronet to-day has a pedigree which will not compare for distinction with that of some of his tradesmen or tenants. Yes, I know this is a surprising statement, but it is a sober statement of the truth.

There are very few of our present peers who can trace their descent from the great nobles of the days of chivalry or earlier. The founder of one line of marquesses was an innkeeper; of a line of earls a grazier, and so on; and many of the greatest aristocrats of our time owe their rank and wealth to the enterprise and luck of city apprentices. To quote Burke:

"Let us look back only as far as the year 1637, and we shall find the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the cobbler's craft at Newport, a little town in Shropshire. Nor is this the only branch from the tree of royalty that has dwined and withered."

If we were closely to investigate the fortunes of the many inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be shown that the aspiring blood of Lancaster flows through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edward of Woodstock, earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I, king of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll gatherer—the first a Mr. Joseph Smart of Halesowen; the latter a Mr. George Whitton, keeper of the turnpike gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley.

Then again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III, we discover Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover square—a strange descent from the sword and scepter to the spade and pickaxe!

The last head of the great Scottish house of Lindsay, and de jure earl of Crawford, died in 1744 in the capacity of ostler in an inn at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys; and in four generations the descendants of Sir Richard Knightley of Fawsley (the head of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in England) and his wife, daughter of the great protector Somerset, ended as obscure London tradesmen—drapers and oil men outside the city gates.

Sir Thomas Conyers, the head of a family which had held vast estates, owned castles and enjoyed high rank in the north of England almost from the days of the conquest, died a pauper in a Durham workhouse. A grandson of Oliver Cromwell and a kinsman of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, served behind the counter in a Snow Hill shop, while one of his nieces ended her days in a workhouse, and of his great-nieces one married a butcher's son and the other a Cambridgeshire shoemaker.

Among peasants and laborers, farmers and small tradesmen are many descendants of the great feudal houses of Europe and Greystoke, Neville and D'Arcy, and many another noble stock who can claim kinship with our bluest blooded peers and royal descents galore, while in the pedigree of the duke of Northumberland figure farmers and haberdashers, husbandmen and paper-stainers.

Chinese Humility.

A Chinaman, wearing his finest gown of silk, called at a house where he happened to disturb a rat, which was regaling itself out of a jar of oil standing on a beam over the door. In its sudden flight the rat upset the oil over the luckless visitor, ruining his fine raiment. While the man was still pale with rage his host appeared, and after the customary greetings the visitor accounted for his appearance in this wise: "As I was entering your honorable dwelling I frightened your honorable rat; while it was trying to escape it upset your honorable jar of oil over my poor and insignificant clothing. This explains the contemptible condition in which I find myself in your honorable presence."—Chinese at Home.

Denmark's Dead Kings.

The early kings of Denmark are pillars of the church in an unusual sense. They were entombed in the Cathedral of Roskilde, which may be called the Danish Westminster Abbey, where the late King Christian was buried last month. The roof is supported by large masonry pillars, and nearly every column is the tomb of a king. The dead monarchs were walled up in them in a standing posture, and they may figuratively be said to have been holding up the church itself for centuries.—Youth's Companion.

Germans Staying at Home.

During the eighties of the last century Germany sent as many as 200,000 emigrants to the United States in a single year. That is ten times as many as she is sending to-day. The healthy development of German industries at home turned the tide of emigration from America to the cities, and the marvelous growth of such places as Berlin, Chemnitz, Nuremberg and others, has been the result.

Doctor Brigham Says

MANY PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womanhood is not because it is a stimulant, nor because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructive ever discovered to act directly upon the generative organs, positively curing disease and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience it can be relied upon to effect a cure. The following letter proves it.

Dr. S. C. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Fitchburg, Mass., writes:

"I give my great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very efficacious, and often prescribe it in my practice for female difficulties. My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for a female trouble some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for a female weakness, and is surely gaining in health and strength."

I freely advocate it as a most reliable specific in all diseases to which women are subject, and give it honest endorsement. Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, bloating (or flatulency), weakness of organs, displacements, inflammation or ulceration, can be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If advice is needed write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. No other living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be strong and well.

Wonders Never Cease.

First London Belle—Oh, have you heard the news? I never would have believed it, but it's true. All sorts of wonderful things are occurring nowadays.
Second London Belle—Dear me! What has happened?
An English duke, who spent three weeks in America, has returned, and married an English girl.—N. Y. Weekly.

Reformed.

"She married him to reform him, did she not?"
"So they say."
"Did she succeed?"
"Yes, in a way. He was the same high roller during their marriage, but when she got a divorce the judge allowed her so much alimony that he can no longer afford to be a jolly good fellow so he has settled down."—Houston Post.

No Time to Lose.

"The man next door told me the other day he was going to spend \$2,000 on his daughter's voice."
"Say, you know you offered me \$5,000 for my house and lot a week ago, provided I could give immediate possession?"
"Yes."
"Well, I'll take it."—Chicago Tribune.

Almost.

"Talk about dreams coming true—I dreamed last night that a burglar entered my room, took my watch from the dresser and sneaked out before I could catch him. I woke up, jumped out of bed and looked for the watch."
"Was it gone?"
"No; but it was going."—Cleveland Leader.

Remedial.

"I am greatly troubled with kleptomania," exclaimed the fashionably dressed woman, as she bustled into the drug department. "Now, what would you advise me to take for it?"
"Your departure, madam, by all means," replied the floorwalker, and bowed her to the elevator.—Puck.

Misrepresentation.

"You public men are much misrepresented." "Yes," answered the statesman. "I regret that I have not said all the bright things that have been attributed to me, and I am also thankful that I have not said all the foolish ones."—Washington Star.

A Customary Impression.

"I rely on the sense of the plain people," said the youthful statesman.
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "Somehow a man always feels that the plain people have splendid judgment just after they have elected him to office."—Washington Star.

Higher Up.

Miss Thompson must have spent a lot of money on her musical education.
"What makes you think so?"
"She never plays anything any more that sounds a bit like a tune."—Cleveland Leader.

Which?

Riche—Look at me! Twenty years ago a poor boy, working like a dog, and now—Look at me! See what I have made of myself.
Smartie—Yes, sir. Do you—Is this meant as a warning or an example?

Juvenile Shrewdness.

Kitty called up her father by telephone.
"Hello, papa!"
"What is it, dear?" he asked.
"I wish you'd bring me some c-a-n-d-y when you come home this evening."
"All right, Kitty; but why do you spell it out?"
"I don't want anybody else to know what I'm saying."—Chicago Tribune.

Theory and Practice.

Doctor (to brother physician)—Yes, sir, the sovereign remedy for all ills is fresh air, and plenty of it. People don't let enough air into their houses. Well, I must hurry off; I'm on an errand.

Brother Physician—Going far.

"No; only down to the hardware store to get half-a-mile of weather strips."—N. Y. Weekly.

Obedient Instructions.

A lady going from home for the day locked everything up well, and for the grocer's benefit wrote on a card:

"All out. Don't leave anything." This she stuck on the front door. On her return home she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added:

"Thanks; we haven't left much."—Tit Bits.

Right.

Irate Wife—I want to know, sir, what time it was when you got home last night.

Husband (meekly)—A quarter of 12, my dear.

Irate Wife—Twelve nothing. The clock had just struck three, and—Husband (triumphantly)—Well, ain't that a quarter of 12?—Judge.

The Fire Sale.

Mrs. Shoppen—There are sure to be big bargains at the fire sale. I'll run down there.

Mr. Shoppen—I wouldn't be so heathenish.

Mrs. Shoppen—Heathenish? Mr. Shoppen—Yes, participating in burnt sacrifices.—Philadelphia Press.

Doing Out More Information.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, this paper speaks of a man in Washington as a "sensational time server." What does that mean?

Mr. Chugwater—I reckon he's the man that winds the senate clock. What do you want to ask such a fool question as that for?—Chicago Tribune.

An Unpleasant Memory.

Ethel—How did you like the new curate, Maud?

Maud—He made an indelible impression on me.

Ethel—How so?

Maud—He emptied a cup of tea on to my new white silk dress.—Tit Bits.

Waxing Strong.

"You are waxing strong, ain't you, John?"

"Yep; gittin' muscles like a prize fighter."

"I wasn't referin' to your muscles, but to the smell o' that dope you use on your mustaches."—Houston Post.

A Believer.

"But why do you think Johnny believes so thoroughly in the efficacy of prayer?"

"Because when I suggested that he pray for a little brother he refused to do it and prayed for a goat and a red wagon instead."—Houston Post.

Postponed Appreciation.

"So you've moved into an old-fashioned house. Don't you miss the conveniences of a flat?"

"Yes, indeed! Particularly the convenience of blaming the janitor whenever anything goes wrong."—Detroit Free Press.

A Buccaneeress.

When arrested she was singing. As they drifted on the bay: To the man whom she had wheedled From the other girls away. The judge said: "Law, young lady, Your punishment decrees, For you boldly practiced piracy. Upon the high-sea C's."—Life.

WORTHLESS.

Percy—What can you give me for my head?

Get SCOTT'S Emulsion

When you go to a drug store and ask for Scott's Emulsion you know what you want; the man knows you ought to have it. Don't be surprised, though, if you are offered something else. Wines, cordials, extracts, etc., of cod liver oil are plentiful but don't imagine you are getting cod liver oil when you take them. Every year for thirty years we've been increasing the sales of Scott's Emulsion. Why? Because it has always been better than any substitute for it.

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
409-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c and \$1.00. All druggists

Cynical.
"Would you vote for a man whom you knew had been associated with questionable schemes?"
"I dunno," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "Sometimes I think that it might be better to take up some fellow that you know you've got to watch instead of some one that's in a position to ketch you nappin'!"—Washington Star.

What Delayed Dinner.
The Lady—What makes dinner so late, Katie?
The Girl—I couldn't get the macaroni, ma'am.

"Why, I thought the grocer brought it early this morning?"
"So he did, ma'am; but Johnnie had a lot of boys in the yard, and they were using it for putty blowers!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Stupid Fellow.
When he threw her a kiss it was promptly resented. He was near the sweet-miss when he threw her a kiss. So she wondered why this had been thrown, not presented. When he threw her a kiss it was promptly resented. —Philadelphia Press.

HOPEFUL.
Ma'am, we don't allow babies in this house.

"But I'm going to put him in pants next week."—N. Y. Herald.

Slow.
"Really, Alfred," she sighed, "you're not at all nice to me to-night!"
"My darling!" exclaimed the simple fellow, as he proceeded to waste his time, "I thought you didn't care about it in public."

"Well," she rejoined, "you might know that I should enjoy it all the more for that reason."

Misrepresented.
Archie—Miss Tartan, did you say you wouldn't marry me if I were the last man in the world?

Miss Tartan—I did not, Mr. Feather-top. Somebody has been telling you an untruth. I said I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the entire solar system.—Chicago Tribune.

Stuck to His Figures.
"I've heard Weerius tell that story a dozen times."

"Oh, come! You said five minutes ago that you had only met him a half a dozen times in your life!"

"I know it, but when he tells the story he always repeats the nub of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Quite Unconscious.
"Your friend Deely," said the editor, "left some verses with me to-day that were quite amusing."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Reeder. "I didn't think he was a humorous writer."

"Neither does he,"—Philadelphia Press.

The Wrong Door.
"I'd like to see the head of the house, please," said the man who had just rung the front door bell.

"You'll have to go to the kitchen door. I guess the cook's in," replied the man who answered the bell.—Yonkers Statesman.

Looked Like a Quitter.
Bacon—I was in court, to-day, and saw your friend Brief.

Egbert—What was he doing?
"Oh, laying down the law."

"Is that so? Why, he only took it out about a year ago!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Far Ahead.
"He is certainly in advance of his age."

"In advance, at 30 minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

Of a Good Thing.
"Tenants an-noy me!"

"I should think so, and she drives me!"

At the Rest.
"The Rest," said the man who had just rung the front door bell.

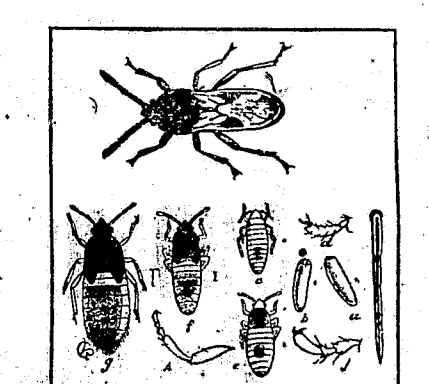
FARM AND GARDEN



THE CHINCH BUG PEST.

Insect Which Causes Great Loss to the Farmer—How to Capture and Destroy It.

There is perhaps no insect that the grain farmer considers more of an enemy than the chinch bug. Its depredations, amounting as they do to an annual loss of \$60,000,000 in the United States, are well known, and as many as 12 bushels of the insects are said to have been obtained from a 40-acre corn field in Illinois at one time. It is in these states of the middle west that the pest is especially destructive, though it is common enough in all states east of the Rocky mountains and is occasionally found in the states on the Pacific slope in restricted areas. The chinch bug at full size is only one-seventh of an inch in length, black in color with white wings, which it seldom uses, containing a black spot



THE CHINCH BUG IN VARIOUS STAGES.

on each, outer edge. When first hatched from the minute oval egg, the young bug is yellow, but it gradually changes to red and then to black, as its growth proceeds. At all stages it is accompanied by a rank disagreeable odor. In the first warm days of spring the adult bug comes forth from the grass roots, stubble or rubbish where it has hibernated and deposits its eggs on the roots of wheat or other plant. Here the eggs are hatched and the depredations then begin. When the wheat is harvested the bugs make for the nearest oat or corn field, where they continue their work of destruction until autumn, when they return to wheat again. The accompanying cut, after Riley, shows the insect in all stages: adult at left; a, b, eggs magnified and natural size; c, young nymph; e, second stage of nymph; f, third stage; g, full grown nymph; d, b, j, legs; i, beak through which food is taken; small lines show natural size.

There have been many methods of prevention and cure suggested and experimented with, among others that of distributing white fungus disease, several of the experiment stations having supplies of diseased chinch bugs which they distribute free among farmers for this purpose. But this means has not been found very efficient and the most practical plan seems to be that of plowing a strip around the field to be protected, thoroughly pulverizing the soil thus turned up, and making a deep furrow in this soil with the steeper side toward the field not infested. The insects when they endeavor to migrate from one field to another will fall into this furrow and if the ground is sufficiently pulverized they will be unable to get out. If the day is hot the heat of the sun will kill them or a smooth log dragged up and down the furrow several times will answer the same purpose.

Another plan, suggested by the Prairie Farmer, and which has been tried with great success, is that of spreading a line of coal tar in front of their line of march and digging post holes along this every few feet. The bugs when they reach the coal tar barrier will turn off and follow it until they fall into the holes, where they may be easily killed. Care must be taken in doing this that no straws, leaves of grass or other bodies form bridges over the coal tar, else the insects will cross over and your labor will have been in vain. Ten per cent. kerosene emulsion may be sprayed on the bugs when they are on corn stalks with good effect. The wisest plan, however, is to burn over all fields of stubble and grass which are suspected of being infested in the spring and by this means prevent their making any raids whatever.

GETTING RID OF MOLES.

Ways of Destroying This Troublesome Rodent—Fresh Meat with Poison Better Than Corn Meal.

The mole is not easily disposed of. He lives on insects and the burrows made through the soil are for the purpose of catching grubs and beetles. Although he plays havoc with the roots of plants, it seems to be for the purpose of getting at the insects there, or because the roots are in the way. He does not eat them, or at least to a small extent. Corn meal or some other ground grain mixed with arsenic and scattered in the runways has been recommended, but I doubt its value. I would prefer to poison bits of fresh meat and leave in the burrows. It suggests the Prairie Farmer, moles are as voracious as the shrews, their near relatives, this ought to be an effectual method. I have not had occasion to try it, having done quite well with mole traps, assisted by the cat.

PREPARATION FOR CORN.

Ground Should Be Well Prepared and Plants Carefully Cultivated If Good Yield Is Obtained.

The proper preparation of the soil for the corn crop is often slighted in the rush to get in as many acres as can be cultivated on the farm. The soil is often not well plowed or well harrowed. After large clods are left in the field, hoping to get them pulverized when it comes to the cultivation of the young plants. Then land is planted to corn without due consideration as to whether it contains plant food sufficient to grow a paying crop. It is bushels of corn that count on the right side of the ledger when balancing up accounts in the fall, rather than acres cultivated. Practically it is as easy to cultivate an acre that will yield 75 bushels as it is to cultivate one that yields less than 25 bushels, and a moment's thought will show the economy of looking well to the fertility of the soil.

A few years ago, my attention was called to an acre of corn which yielded 65 bushels of nice shelled corn, while it had been plowed and planted in the ordinary way, without any attention to fertilizing the soil, it would have done well to yield 30 bushels, says a writer in the Country Gentleman. The sod had been covered with a moderate coat of stable manure, then turned under and thoroughly pulverized with a cutting harrow; about 400 pounds of commercial fertilizer had been put in the soil, distributed all over the land with a common grain drill. Then the corn was planted and given shallow cultivation, with the result that the yield was more than doubled.

My experience is that the yield of corn may be easily doubled, by careful preparation of the soil, proper fertilization and careful selection of seed, over the ordinary way of preparing and planting corn. Another advantage is that a well prepared corn field will resist the effects of a summer drouth better than poorly prepared soil.

FIELD GLASSES FOR ARMY.

An Accessory That Is as Necessary as Any Other Part of the Equipment.

A French military journal has been pointing out that one of the principal requisites for a well equipped officer is a powerful pair of field glasses. In these days of long range guns and smokeless powder there cannot be two opinions, says a London Globe writer, as to the value of an accessory which will enable a general to see without being seen himself, or exposing his troops to the view of the opposing forces.

The lesson taught us by the Boers and the Japanese in recent campaigns seems to be: Use all your art in finding out—in seeing, in a word—the movements of the enemy, while remaining yourself invisible, and one of the most useful aids in this direction is a powerful pair of field glasses. According to the journal I have referred to the French officer and non-commissioned officer are expected to provide their own field glasses with the result that in most cases they are of inferior quality and the officer's judgment on them usually is: "I can see as well with my own eyes." But if the war office realized the value of the field glass in war it would be reckoned as indispensable as the service revolver, and like that weapon would be purchased wholesale by the government and sold to officers at cost price, payable in installments.

Switzerland, we are reminded, long ago discovered the value of the field glass; the Swiss artillery non-commissioned officers have always had good glasses. These are now about to be taken from them and given to the infantry officers, and in their place more powerful glasses will be supplied to the artillery.

BURNING A JUJU HOUSE.

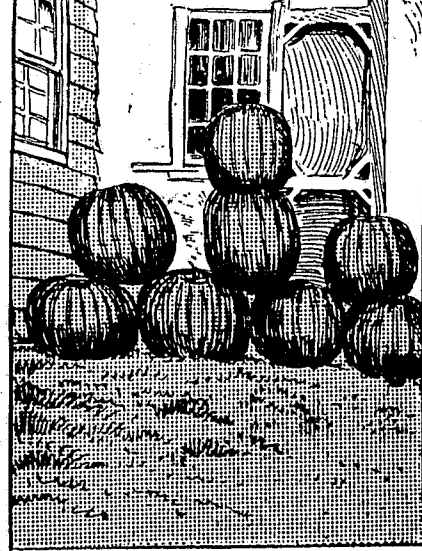
Chamber of Horrors in the Village of Savage Natives of Nigeria.

Some interesting—if ghastly—details have lately reached England, writes a correspondent of the Graphic, as to the burning of a juju house in the Andoni country of southern Nigeria, where both human sacrifices and cannibalism have until quite recently been rampant. On an appointed day the chiefs of Bonny and Opobo, who have some sort of control of the Andoni tribe, were called together and informed by the British resident that these nefarious practices must be put a stop to. After much hesitation the principal chief led the way to the center of the village, where a ghastly sight presented itself. The juju house was literally covered with human skulls, even the gable ends and veranda posts bearing these horrible trophies. Some were comparatively fresh, clearly showing that human sacrifices were still practiced. In all upward of 2,000 were counted. The order was given to burn the house, but no native dared execute the command, so that at last the British resident himself set fire to this chamber of horrors. As the flames leapt up to the sky the greatest excitement prevailed, and the terrified heathen stood with bated breath. Among the articles which perished was an historical drum, fashioned entirely out of human skin, and only beaten at the moment when the executioner struck off the head of some hapless victim.

A SINGLE PUMPKIN SEED.

From It Grows a Vine Which Produces Eight Pumpkins, Weighing in All 300 Pounds.

The accompanying picture shows eight common field pumpkins which grew on one vine the past season. This vine came up in my strawberry patch, and as the strawberry plants



EIGHT PUMPKINS FROM ONE SEED.

near it died, was allowed to grow, and little was thought of it until fall, when these pumpkins were picked from it. The eight weighed exactly 300 pounds; the largest one weighed exactly 62½ pounds and the smallest 24½ pounds. There was a large green one which was not included as it did not ripen. How is that for Connecticut from one pumpkin seed? enthusiastically asks the correspondent in a letter to the Rural New Yorker.

FARM NOTES.

Pastures need drainage as well as the meadows.

Some one says that horticulture is the poetry of agriculture.

Farmers are becoming more interested in horticulture.

The farmer's garden is one of the most profitable spots on the farm.

A pasture properly handled is one of the most profitable parts of the farm.

The first thing the model hired man does is to wipe his feet on the door mat.

The orchard on the loamy hilltop cannot be cultivated often or the soil will wash.

Varieties of fruit—who can give you sounder advice than the best growers in your neighborhood?

Which would you bet on to come in ahead, the farmer who works but won't, or the farmer who will study but won't work?

Good farming consists in getting the most out of our fields, with the least expenditure of fertilizing elements, and then in putting back everything which will build up soil.

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An Accessory That Is as Necessary as Any Other Part of the Equipment.

A French military journal has been pointing out that one of the principal requisites for a well equipped officer is a powerful pair of field glasses. In these days of long range guns and smokeless powder there cannot be two opinions, says a London Globe writer, as to the value of an accessory which will enable a general to see without being seen himself, or exposing his troops to the view of the opposing forces.

The lesson taught us by the Boers and the Japanese in recent campaigns seems to be: Use all your art in finding out—in seeing, in a word—the movements of the enemy, while remaining yourself invisible, and one of the most useful aids in this direction is a powerful pair of field glasses. According to the journal I have referred to the French officer and non-commissioned officer are expected to provide their own field glasses with the result that in most cases they are of inferior quality and the officer's judgment on them usually is: "I can see as well with my own eyes." But if the war office realized the value of the field glass in war it would be reckoned as indispensable as the service revolver, and like that weapon would be purchased wholesale by the government and sold to officers at cost price, payable in installments.

Switzerland, we are reminded, long ago discovered the value of the field glass; the Swiss artillery non-commissioned officers have always had good glasses. These are now about to be taken from them and given to the infantry officers, and in their place more powerful glasses will be supplied to the artillery.

BURNING A JUJU HOUSE.

Chamber of Horrors in the Village of Savage Natives of Nigeria.

Some interesting—if ghastly—details have lately reached England, writes a correspondent of the Graphic, as to the burning of a juju house in the Andoni country of southern Nigeria, where both human sacrifices and cannibalism have until quite recently been rampant. On an appointed day the chiefs of Bonny and Opobo, who have some sort of control of the Andoni tribe, were called together and informed by the British resident that these nefarious practices must be put a stop to. After much hesitation the principal chief led the way to the center of the village, where a ghastly sight presented itself. The juju house was literally covered with human skulls, even the gable ends and veranda posts bearing these horrible trophies. Some were comparatively fresh, clearly showing that human sacrifices were still practiced. In all upward of 2,000 were counted. The order was given to burn the house, but no native dared execute the command, so that at last the British resident himself set fire to this chamber of horrors. As the flames leapt up to the sky the greatest excitement prevailed, and the terrified heathen stood with bated breath. Among the articles which perished was an historical drum, fashioned entirely out of human skin, and only beaten at the moment when the executioner struck off the head of some hapless victim.

POSING FOR WAX FIGURES.

New Styles in Hair Dressing Give Model Chance to Earn Money.

"Didn't you know that wax figures were modeled after real people?" spoke up the senior member of a firm that manufactures wax models for the trade, in mild surprise. "Why, I thought everyone knew that. Is it possible that you have never recognized any of the likenesses?"

"Most of them are shop girls or cloak models, or possibly artists' models who are only too willing to pose for the small sum they get for lending their features to the firm. It's a rather disagreeable task, for a death mask must be made first, and then the model made from that; but it's only a matter of a half hour."

"How much do the girls get? Oh, about one dollar an hour, the same as most artists' models receive. It requires a girl with regular features to make the model a success. In fact, we try to get as near to the Greek outlines as possible."

"It's getting to be quite a business, the posing for wax models, though there is only room for a comparatively few, as when once the mask is taken it is used for years. The change necessitated is in the hairdressing only."

Ecclesiastical Embroideries.

Of white brocaded satin, embroidered with gold, the vestment measured about three feet by five. "It is \$500," the dealer said. "It is 200 years old." He touched the heavy and bright embroidery. "This gold work," he said, "is as fresh as though new and it will always stay fresh, for it is worked with Holland gold thread—a thread of silver, gold-plated, such as only the Dutch can make. With these stiff threads of silver plated with gold only strong men can embroider. The task is beyond the strength of woman. All good ecclesiastical embroidery is men's work."

At the Ball.

"Where are Mr. and Mrs. Jinks?" inquired the host.

"In the conservatory," answered the hostess. "They're quarrelling about this dance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WIT AND WISDOM.

She—These very large, expensive weddings seem to be going out of fashion.

He—Yes, it has been estimated that the presents received seldom represent more than three per cent. on the investment.

Have you weakness of any kind—stomach, back, or any organ of the body? Don't dose yourself with ordinary medicine. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the supreme curative power. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. G. R. Wiley Pharmacy.

"Come in and have a psychological sandwich with me."

"What's that?"

"Two slices of bread and belief in a slice of ham."

A Mountain of Gold

could not bring as much happiness to Mrs. Lucia Wilke, of Caroline, Wis., as did one 15c. cent box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, when it completely cured a running sore on her leg, which had tortured her 23 long years. Greatest antiseptic healer of Piles, Wounds, and Sores. 25c. at any Drug store.

She—The new tenor singer in the choir used to be a locksmith.

He—No wonder he always hits the right key, then.

A "Sovereign" That Costs Only One Dollar.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is a "Sovereign" medicine for nervousness, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver complaints, and all the ills peculiar to women. It drives the poison from the blood, and restores the patient to the bloom of health. You will never regret the exchange of one dollar for a bottle.

Consolation.

"That firmly constructed public building is a scandal!" exclaimed the patriot.

"Never mind," answered Mr. Degrad, soothingly; "it'll soon blow over."—Washington Star.

Her Friend.

"He asked me how old I was."

"The idea! What did you tell him?"

"I told him I was 20."

"You were, too, weren't you, dear—a long time ago?"—Houston Post.

Not a Charity.

Smith—Is Green a charitable man?

Jones—Well, I don't know whether you would call it charity or not, but he is always giving himself away.—Chicago Daily News.

Flattered.

"What makes him look so flat and seedy?"

"He got squeezed in Wall street."—Houston Post.

Different.

"Does he do as he would be done by?"

"Not him; he does as he should be done by."—Houston Post.

The Bethel News

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If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.

If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1906.

Base Ball.

Gould's Academy is showing some good base ball material this season, and with practice it is hoped that a record at base ball which will compare favorably with the basket ball record for the past winter, may be had.

Two games have been played this term; the first at Gorham on Fast day when the Gorham team won with a score of 9 to 3, and a second at Riverside Park, last Saturday, between Gould's and Berlin High resulting in a victory for Gould's with a score of 10 to 4. Each game was a good clean one and was much enjoyed by all. The score for the Bethel game was as follows:

SCORE.

GOULD'S.	BERLIN HIGH.
V. Brown, s. s.	Laffin, c. f.
Burke, 2 b.	Wheeler, p. 2 b
Robertson, p.	Paulson, r. f.
Bowker, c.	Bell, 1 b.
Carter, 3 b.	Shea, 2 b. p.
Spinney, r. f.	Jacobs, 1 f.
King, 1 b.	Babson, c.
A. Brown, 1 f.	Palmer, 3 b.
Pingree, c. f.	Kennedy, s. s.

Runs: Gould's V. Brown, 2; Bowker, 1; Carter, 2; Spinney, 1; King, 1; A. Brown, 2; Pingree, 1; Berlin High, Bell, 1; Shea, 1; Babson, 1; Palmer, 1.

Base hits: Gould's 7, Berlin 5.

Errors: Gould's 6, Berlin 4.

Bases on balls: off Wheeler 2, off Shea 1, off Robertson 3.

Struck out: by Wheeler 6, by Shea 2, by Robertson 11. Umpires, Jack Carter, Herman Mason. Time, 1 hour, 35 minutes.

DISTINCTIVE LAMPPOSTS.

An Objection to the Decorative Effects of Furnishings in the Cities.

Street furnishings like lampposts, in their numerous repetitions, perform an unimportant decorative function. We know, writes Sylvester Baxter, in "Art in the Street," in Century, that in decorative design the repetition of ornament is an esthetic principle, producing a pleasing figure. But long continued uniformity produces monotony; fatigue follows visual restfulness. Therefore, even when manufacturers produce good designs, it is undesirable that these should be alike everywhere, in town after town, for the eye would tire of seeing the same thing in all places. Hence each municipality would do better to obtain something distinctive. Indeed, the same thing should not be repeated all over the city; the standard pattern ought to vary with different districts, and perhaps with different streets. Locally individual significance might well be imparted to these things by embodying in the ornament of such furnishings some device, like a municipal seal, or arms, that in design would symbolize a distinguishing character of the place, as in site, trade, or staple industry.

The South Paris Board of Trade has voted to make an attempt to raise the sum of \$10,000 to loan the Mason Manufacturing company at four per cent to aid them in building a toy factory to replace the one recently destroyed by fire. A location on Pine street is spoken of.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder.

It makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sweating feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Human Nature.

Last winter when eggs cost so much we could not do without 'em; But, now they're plentiful and cheap, we do not care about 'em.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises, at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams

WEAK REVOLUTION.

LACK OF TRUE PATRIOTISM IN THE RUSSIAN REVOLT.

Lawlessness and Disregard of National Interests Characterize Actions of the Striking Workmen.

The special strength of the Russian revolution appears to have proved its special weakness. It was supposed that the great railroad strikes and other strikes in the manufacturing towns would afford the revolutionists a new and powerful weapon. In fact, says the Washington Star, the revolution gained immensely as regards the impression on those who watched its course because of the appearance of mystery with which it had been invested. By degrees it became evident, however, that the elements which were missing from the Russian revolution were such as could not safely be dispensed with. Radical as was the news that came in from all parts of the empire, nevertheless there appeared little or nothing in the way of real progress. It was difficult to say what the revolutionists were aiming at—whether they knew themselves what they wanted.

The people were puzzled with speculations as to whether it was a dynastic or a constitutional movement. Did its real strength lie in the towns or in the country? Was its object industrial or agrarian? Or was it simply a gathering of the forces of discontent torn from the view of the prosperity and good administration of the empire, but not such a revolution as left the government no choice, but that between conquering and being conquered. The outcome appears after all, no matter what the liberalizing tendencies may have been, to have been favorable to the government. In spite of all the czar is still on his throne, Count Witte is still his first minister and enough of the army is faithful to him to give him command of the situation at all events in St. Petersburg and in Moscow.

Things have so far solidified themselves that Sergius Yulievitch Witte, the first minister of Russia, is even willing to comment upon the situation as it exists. In answer to questions recently, he said: "Probably no public servant known to Russian history has ever been so severely and unanimously blamed in his own country as myself, and this not only for acts which I did, but for others which I never even dreamed of doing, and not merely for words and motives which were truly mine, but also for their opposites which were gratuitously attributed to me. Again, every public man known to history, no matter what the color of his politics, has had a party following, numerous or small. Some section of society endorsed his principles, some traction assisted his efforts, many rejoiced at his achievements. I am the sole exception. Every party, extreme or moderate, agrees in objecting to what I term my policy, on grounds that contradict each other diametrically.

"As a Russian patriot my heart bleeds at a lack of industrious fellow laborers in the country's cause, of earnest workers who do not expect political or social regeneration from radical programmes and speeches but from steady, wise, patient labor, from respect for the law, from reverence for duty, and from the exercise of self control. With a fair contingent of such modest, conscientious toilers, Russia would soon rise to a very high place among the nations of the earth. I am hopeful that men of this sort will yet come forward. Meanwhile my motive in continuing to occupy a post which brings down such harsh judgment upon me is duty to the czar and the fatherland; my guiding principle is to act according to my lights, and my sole recompense is the approval of my conscience.

"On my return from the United States after the treaty of Portsmouth, all that I craved for was rest for body and mind in the seclusion of private life, and it was all the more likely that my wish would be granted since there were doubtless others who, placed in the position I now occupy, might have acquitted themselves of the task as well as myself, or better.

"Whatever the drawbacks or penalties attached to the performance of my duty, I cheerfully accept them. But I certainly do not include among such penalties the constant disapproval of everything I do by certain political groups. On the contrary, clever men's criticism is always welcome, because it is wholesome and helpful, while to the strictures of the remainder one can easily shut one's second ear. Some nations judge their servants not only by what they have accomplished, but also by what they would fain have accomplished. I am ready to accept responsibility for what I have really said and done, but what I deprecate are the apocryphal utterances gratuitously attributed to me every day."

Russia Still Aggressive.

Russia is stealthy and tireless. Even while its armies were being defeated in Manchuria and its throne was shaken by revolt it was secretly fastening a firmer grip on parts of the Chinese empire. The fact that Russia has a line of military posts across the northern part of the Chinese empire has been kept secret from the world. It was revealed by an indiscreet publication in a Russian provincial newspaper. Russia's purpose, beyond the satisfying of its old lust for dominion, cannot be determined. Whatever it is the powers interested in maintaining China's territorial integrity are directly affected.—Cleveland Leader.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, the Divine Master in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our order Brother S. N. Buck, a valued and respected member of Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F., Bethel, Maine, therefore be it

Resolved: That this last opportunity for paying the tribute we owe to the memory of our departed Brother shall not be allowed to pass, unimproved.

Resolved: That while we bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we desire to tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family in this their time of affliction, assuring them we are mourners with them and recommend to them the love and tender mercies of our all-wise Father.

Resolved: That as a token of our respect to our Brother, these Resolutions be spread upon our Lodge records, a copy sent to the bereaved family, also a copy be sent to Norway Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., to whom our thanks are due for administering the last rites, and another be sent to the Bethel News for publication.

CHESTER WHEELER, } Committee
D. G. LOVEJOY, } on
S. I. FRENCH, } Resolutions.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Bethel, Maine, April 14, 1906.
WHEREAS, the shadow of death has again fallen on our order in the removal of our Brother, Irving W. Ames, we deem it a privilege to offer the following Resolutions:

Resolved: That while we bow in true submission to the Infinite will, we deeply regret his departure from our midst. We shall ever remember our dear Brother as a true example of noble manhood. A man of exceedingly broad charity and of deep sympathies; pure, honest and upright in character and life, the memory of which will ever be a help to our Fraternity.

Resolved: That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

Resolved: That these Resolutions be spread upon the records of this Lodge; also that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and a copy be sent to the Bethel News for publication.

F. E. BARTON, } Committee.
F. L. EDWARDS, }
C. K. FOX, }

Invite Him to Church.

Invite your friend to church. You invite him to your home, you invite him to your lodge, you invite him to your political meetings, your parties, your lecture courses and your entertainments, why not invite him to your church? Don't invite him to come and then make him go alone, sit alone and feel alone in church. If the christian people would be more faithful in attendance at worship, both morning and evening, the strangers would come more often and enjoy the service better. When christian people say to the world, by staying away from church services, that they find no enjoyment or help, or comfort in the assembling for the worship of God, who can convince those, who are not christians that they will receive any benefit by attending Divine services? Let us at least be consistent and live what we profess. The best way to tell the world that you are a child of God, is to manifest His spirit in your daily walk, and to show your love for His house by often being found there on His holy day.

Staunch Affection.

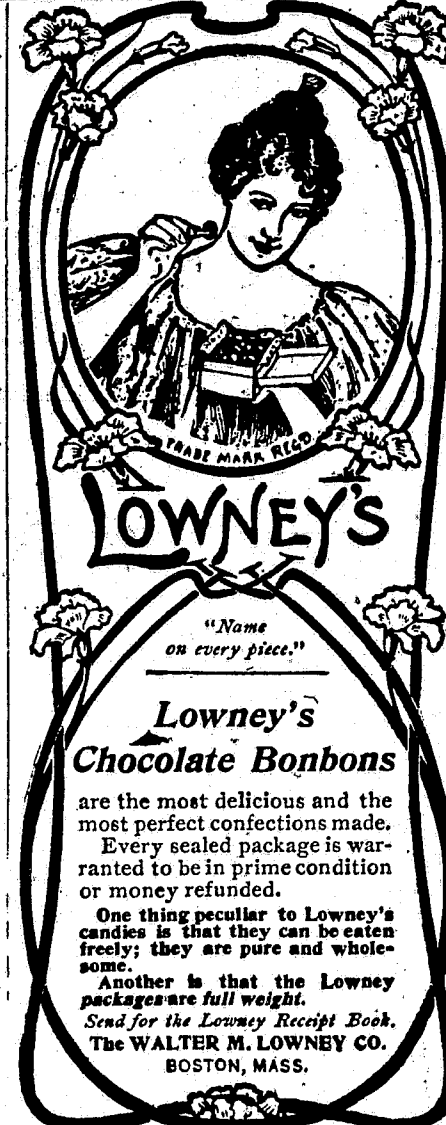
"Are you sure that man truly loves your daughter?" asked the friend of the family.
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "he has heard her sing and speak pieces, and he wants to marry her anyhow."
—Washington Star.

Just Too Sweet.

Miss Elder—Yes, Jack asked me to be his partner for life, and I accepted.
Miss Younger—How lovely! And you will be the senior partner, won't you, dear?—Cleveland Leader.

Ayer's Pills

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use



Carriages for Sale.

I have on hand Light and heavy Concord Wagons, Open Buggies, Top Buggies, Two Seated Wagons which I sell as cheap as can be bought anywhere. Call and see them.

J. C. BILLINGS,
2m48 Bethel, Maine.

IT PAYS

To breed to a trotting bred trotter, therefore breed to El Sable or Sable Prince. Come and see them and some of El Sable's colts and you will breed to one of them. Send for circular to

L. A. HALL, Bethel, or
A. L. YOUNG, Auburn.

Report of the Condition of the BETHEL NATIONAL BANK

AT BETHEL,
In the State of Maine, at the close of business, April 6th, 1906
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$35,501 51
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	10,000 00
Overdrafts secured and unsecured	4 21
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	43 13
Bonds, Securities, etc.	4,830 00
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	487 50
Due from National Banks, (not reserve agents)	10,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	6,654 76
Notes of other National Banks	792 00
Fractional paper currency, tickets & cents	71 04
Lawyer Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie	\$346 55
Legal-tender Notes	345 00
	4,037 55
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	500 00
Total	\$73,453 66

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$25,000 00
Surplus fund	1,223 28
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	774 64
National Bank Notes outstanding	9,500 00
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	1,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	35,955 74
Total	\$73,453 66

STATE OF MAINE,
COUNTY OF OXFORD, SS:

I, Ellery C. Park, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

L. S. ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 11th day of April, 1906.

A. E. HERRICK, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest:
D. S. HASTINGS,
E. S. KILBORN,
SETH WALKER, } Directors.

No English Leader.

It has been noted as a curious fact that at the present time no party in the English house of commons is led by an Englishman. The prime minister, the leader of the opposition and the leader of the labor party are Scots and the Irish and Welsh contingents of course have their own leaders.

On the Bias.

London women have a new walk. The chin is held high and the head is turned over the left or right shoulder, one hand grasping the skirt. The Express remarks: "It is advisable to give the new walk a wide berth, as the walker moves sideways."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR N. P. HALL & CO., BARNUM, N. H.

PAINTS

Are not all alike and the best is always the cheapest in the end. If you want the kind that lasts get the

Monarch Mixed Paints

and you will agree with the host of others who have used it that it is the best PAINT on the market.

WE ALSO RECOMMEND

Senour's Foor and Carriage Paint,

and always have on hand a supply of St. Louis Red Seal White Lead, also Shellac, Linseed Oil, Varnishes, Turpentine, Wood Fillers, and Brushes of All Kinds.

WHITEN YOUR WALLS WITH

MURESCO

Have you tried the Celebrated Hay Make

FLEXIBLE FLOOR FINISH

Give it a trial and you will recommend it as do all who use it.

For an interior finish many of you are already wedded to

JAP-A-LAC

The rest will be after they have tried it.

Hastings Brothers BETHEL, MAINE.

Spring and Summer

MILLINERY

We are prepared to supply all millinery orders at short notice.
Give us a call and see our large line of trimmed hats.
New Goods every week.

L. M. STEARNS,

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

Sign

reminds

To get rid

Our Com

It's made of bottle and more could

H.

BETHEL

SOUTH PARIS

Local and Personal
Our Shire To

Keith Spofford who post graduate course at home recently.

Robert Paterson h
A. E. Barrows, blacks
Main street and will ru
Dr. E. B. Clark h
family from the Will
house on High street
over the store of W. O.
in Market Square.

The drama "By
pulse" to be given for
the Congregational
deavor Athletic Assn
preparation.

Miss Susie L. Porter
spending a short vaca
has returned to her s
land.

Rev. A. R. Crai
Hebron preached S
Baptist church in exch
pastor.

Miss Mabel Brooks
Stoneham.

Miss Lisbeth Murp
in Greenwood.

Rev. H. A. Clifford
Memorial day address
ham.

Paris High school
are pleased over the
Bridgton High. The
Paris and the score
following is the sched
son of 1906:

May 5, Norway High
May 12, Mechanic Fall
May 19, Bridgton High
May 26, Mechanic Fall

June 9, Norway High
June 16, Leavitt Instit
Manager—Chester M. M
Captain—Robert Whee
L. L. Edwards and
field are to take char
farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Fra
went to Gorham, N.
where they will rema
mer.

John T. Lindley st
weeks' vacation, last
The annual meeting
smiths' Association w
Saturday at 10.30 a.
House hall. Prof. M
Creek, Mich., will g
during the meeting;
he will also give an
owners. Dinner for t
will be served at Go
on Pine street.

Miss Clara Needha
is visiting at E. N. A
Mrs. L. Lunt of L
her daughter Maude

Miss Bertha Mer
visited her father her

Catarah Cannot
with LOCAL APPLICA
cannot reach the seat
Catarah is a blood or c
ease, and in order to o
take internal remedies.
Cure is taken internal
rectly on the blood and
Hall's Catarah Cure is
joined. It was prescrib
best physicians in this
and is a regular pre
composed of the bes
combined with the bes
acting directly on the
The perfect combinati
ingredients is what pro
duces results in curing
for testimonials free.
F. J. CUNNEY & CO.,
Sold by Druggists, pri
Take Hall's Family P
tion.

GETTING RID OF HER

By DOROTHY DEANE

(Copyright, 1936, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Even if Daisy had not been a win- some little body, Granny would have adored her, for was she not John's child? John was her first born, her only son. A good son, too, John was. But he grew ambitious after he married Lida—that was the way Granny tried to explain it to herself. Lida was an ambitious woman, driving and energetic, John thought of his wife and child, and wanted to get on in the world. And the parlor needed a piano. None of these things troubled Daisy. She did not know that the house was too small for Granny, now that she had grown feeble, and had lost her bit of money. To the baby's notion, the world held nothing bonnier than Granny's cuddling arms, nor prettier than the bits of curls that nodded at either ear.

It was one afternoon while Daisy was asleep that Lida took her sewing and went upstairs to Granny's room. The unwonted attention set the old lady in a flutter, but Lida herself was cool and calm, though she wished Granny hadn't such a disagreeable way of staring straight into one's face while she listened.

"How would you like to go visiting this winter, Granny?" Lida asked, presently, keeping her eyes on the seam she was sewing.

"To Mary's?" cried Granny, eagerly. Lida frowned slightly. "You know well enough it ain't to Mary's. She's got her hands full, with seven children."

"Yes," sighed Granny, "I know; but she'd be glad to have me come, Mary would, if she was able. She never forgets her mother."

Lida bit off a fresh thread, with unnecessary energy. "Some of my folks over at Stratford would like first-rate to have you come there and stay awhile. It would be a change for you."

Granny's face brightened. "Do they really want me?"

Lida nodded. Her face was flushed a little. "John and I have been talking it over. He can take you over next Monday."

"But there's the baby," said Granny, her eyes dimmed. "I can hardly bear to think of leaving Daisy."

Lida gave her sewing a jerk. "Daisy's been shut up here with you too much. I want her outdoors more."

Granny wiped her eyes when she thought Lida was not looking. "It's real kind of you, Lida. I know you think I'm ungrateful, after you and John have planned it for me. But it kind of took my breath away, coming so sudden. You see it's 20 years since I went visitin' anywhere."

"And I suppose it will be hard for me to feel at home anywhere except in my little room. It's always been mine. Father planned it for me when he built the house. He had those drawers built in for me, and the cupboards under the windows, because I like cubbyholes."

She laughed softly, and brushed off another tear that had crept out on her withered cheek. She had forgotten her listener. "John was born in this room, and Mary, and little Susie—she only lived to be five. And John was such a cunning little fellow. Sometimes it seems as if I could see him in his short dresses."

Lida frowned suddenly. "It's time John was out of short dresses," she cried; then she whipped out of the room.

"Why, Lida—wait—!" gasped Granny. "I ain't said anything, have I?" But John's wife had already slammed the door behind her, and Granny was left alone with her slow tears and her slow thoughts.

When John Williams came home that night, his mother's place at the supper table was vacant. He reddened and glanced across at his wife.

"She said she didn't want anything," Lida explained.

"You've told her! You didn't waste any time."

"You're glad enough that I have," retorted his wife. "It wasn't anything of a pleasure."

"You needn't have been in such a hurry."

"She didn't suspect anything. I don't believe she'll mind it much."

John pushed away his plate and left the table. "She'll like it well enough when she gets used to it," he said, testily. "It ain't such a bad place, over there at Stratford. It's just the name of the thing. But you needn't tell her beforehand."

"And you needn't tell Daisy. She's not to know that Granny is going."

When Monday came, and John drove up to the door, Granny had been ready and waiting for an hour.

John went into the kitchen where his wife was. He sat down unsteadily. "Lida," he said, "it seems an awful thing to do."

Lida gave him a scorching glance, but her voice was quiet. "I thought likely you'd back out at the last minute. You never did have much backbone."

John lifted his head and looked at his wife silently. "No," he said, "I hope you'll remember that, whenever you think of this day."

Granny turned to look back at the house as they drove away. She was blind with tears.

By the time they reached Stratford dusk had fallen, and she could see but dimly the outlines of the house before which they stopped. There was other company there—Lida had said there would be. Two old men were smoking their pipes to the light of steps that led up to the door. Just within, an

old woman sat knitting. She was an ugly old woman, and she grinned and nodded as Granny passed by.

After John had kissed his mother and hoped she'd find things all right, he went away.

She was tired after her long ride and did not venture out of her tiny room. She made herself ready for bed, and had just fallen into a doze when, to her dismay, the door opened and in walked the ugly old woman she had noticed in the hall, and who now set down a candle and calmly began to undress.

Granny sat up in bed and stared at her. "Why don't you understand?" she stammered, faintly, but the ugly old woman paid no attention. Granny raised her voice a little. "Haven't you made a mistake?" Still there was no answer, and at last Granny put out her hand and laid it on the woman's sleeve, but the intruder only grinned and nodded again, and went on with her undressing.

Presently she turned and pointed her finger at Granny, then at her own lips and ears, and shook her head. Daisy seized upon Granny. She scrambled to the other side of the bed and lay close against the wall, for her room mate suddenly blew out the candle and crept in beside her.

When morning came, a clanging bell set the house astir. Granny was taken down to breakfast by her dumb companion, and found herself at a long table in a bare, whitewashed room. Beside her sat the two old men. She had no appetite for the untempting food before her. She wondered if it was not all a dream; if she would not waken presently, and hear Daisy's voice coming up the stair to her: "Granny! Here comes me!"

She looked appealingly from face to face, seeking for one that was not blank, or forbidding, or repulsive, and failing in her quest. There came a mist before her eyes. She got to her feet and felt her way unsteadily to the door, vaguely conscious that they were calling to her, and jeering at her, and then that a stern voice suddenly silenced them. Some one helped her up the stairs; a rough, but kindly, hand smoothed the pillow for her and shut out the sun's glare.

When at last she opened her eyes, the sun was gone from the window and the curtain had been raised. The ugly old woman sat beside her, knitting on a coarse stocking. She grinned and nodded as she met Granny's gaze. Then she laid down her knitting and drew a small slate from her pocket. It had a pencil tied to it, and a bit of sponge. She wrote something upon it for Granny to read.

Granny caught at the slate with eager hands. She wrote: "Better," to the question; then: "Where's my daughter's aunt?"

The woman read it, and stared hard at Granny.

"I came to visit my daughter-in-law's aunt," repeated Granny's pencil. "I want to see her."

The old woman read the message and looked at Granny again. Suddenly she began to sniff, and to wipe her eyes on the stocking she was knitting. She took up the pencil again. "Don't you know where you are?"

Somewhat of fear leaped into Granny's eyes. She glanced about her. The old woman wrote again upon the slate. "This is the poorhouse," and held it toward her.

But Granny never read it. Just as she put out her hand there was a flurry of skirts down the hall, a hand upon the door, a quick rush of somebody to the bedside, and there was Mary, with her arms around her mother—Mary, kissing her and crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh, do you know where you are? Have you told her?" demanded Mary; but the dumb woman grinned delightedly, swept the writing from the slate and held it blank before Mary's eyes.

"I've come for you to go home with me, dear little mother," cried Mary. "Henry and I have been keeping it for a grand surprise. We've built two new rooms to the house, and you're coming to live with us. I went to John's after you last night, and found you gone, so I came this morning, as quick as I could get here. You are to put on your bonnet and come right away, for the buggy is waiting to take us to the station." And then Mary cried again, and kissed her, and patted her bent shoulders, till poor Granny's wits seemed scattered to the four winds, so that she gave up the puzzle and let Mary smooth her hair and make her ready to go.

"But I ain't seen Lida's aunt," she said, suddenly.

"I've seen her," answered Mary. "I've explained it all to her. She knows we're in a dreadful hurry."

The ugly old woman grinned and nodded as she watched them drive away. When they had turned the corner and were gone, she cried again, wiping the tears away with the gray stocking. Then she kept on with her knitting.

Daisy cannot understand it. Sometimes she drops her playthings suddenly and goes to the stair door and stands there, listening. Then she steals up, from step to step, and taps at the door that used to be Granny's. She pushes it open, expectantly. "Granny," she calls, softly, "here's me!"

Then she peeps under the bed, and behind the window curtains, and opens the closet door, but nowhere can she find the kind old face. At last she stands still in the middle of the room, waiting, listening.

She calls again, her baby voice is full of tears. "Granny, where is 'ou hidden?"

In another moment Lida catches her by the shoulder, sets her outside the door and turns the key in the lock. And the baby can never understand why Granny hides so long.

AFGHAN CABLE PATTERNS.

This Is One of the Knitted Slumber Robes and One That Has Attained No Little Popularity.

Materials—Six skeins maroon Scotch yarn, 4 skeins of old gold. Two needles of bone, wood or rubber No. 9.

Cast on 20 stitches with maroon, knit across plain once.

1st row—Slip 1 (over, narrow) twice, seam 11 (over, narrow) twice.

2d row—Slip 1, (over, narrow) twice, 11 plain (over, narrow) twice.

3d row—Slip 1 (over, narrow) twice, seam 4, turn and now knit for the cable as follows, on the 4 seams stitches only: (*) slip 1, 2 plain, turn, slip 1, seam 3, turn (*), repeat from (*) till you have done 10 of these little rows, then draw the needle out of the 4 stitches and leave the cable on the right side of the knitting (the side away from you), take 4 stitches from the left-hand needle on to the right hand, pick up the 4 stitches of the cable on the right-hand needle again, and knit off the remaining stitches from the left-hand needle by seaming 3 (over, narrow) twice.

4th row—Like second.

5th row—Like third.

6th row—Slip 1, (over narrow) twice, 4 plain, turn, and knit for another cable on the 4 plain stitches only: (*) slip 1, seam 3, turn, slip 1, 3 plain, turn, repeat from (*) till you have done 10 little rows, then draw the needle out of the 4 stitches, and leaving the cable again on the right side of the knitting (this time the side next you) take 4 stitches from the left-hand needle on to the right hand, pick up the 4 stitches of the cable and knit off the remaining stitches from the left-hand needle by knitting 3 plain, (over, narrow) twice.

Repeat from 1st row till the strip is length desired; bind off; do 3 more narrow stripes, then 3 stripes of old gold. These stripes may be crocheted together with black if desired. Finish with knotted fringe.—Eva M. Niles.

GRAY VERY FASHIONABLE.

The Color Is Immensely Popular In Paris This Spring Both With Dressmaker and Milliner.

Never has gray been so popular among the master dressmakers. It is used in Paris for everything from tail- or suits to ball gowns, with motor coats and street veils and afternoon gowns to correspond. Admiration was given the startling gray costume worn by an American girl which was of a peculiar new cloth exactly resembling suede kid. The color was pearl gray, with several rows of sable on the hem of the corselet skirt, and with little scrolls of the sable on the bodice. The blouse was a coarse meshed Brussels net in the same shade as the cloth, and the toque and stole were of chin- chilla. The hat had several gardenias well to the front and there was worn with it a long veil in an embroidered net in a subdued shade of violet.

This is a Parisian notion also—the contrasting veil and the gray veil is a special fancy with the black, dark blue or mauve hat. A spotted net is used which comes extra wide and is finished either with a hemstitched border of chiffon, or an uneven border of gray lace. It is also worn with all gray confections and one of the prettiest bits of millinery is a soft, round crowned and narrow brimmed felt of gray, with the crown covered with gray chiffon swathed around it. It is draped around an ostrich plume to match, stretching toward the back on one side and meeting shorter ones under the brim at the back.

In Paris, afternoon gowns are spe- cialized, and one of the best houses has put one forth of pale gray taffeta mouseline, with lace and slightly darker gray velvet on the bodice. There are also bows of the velvet run through little round buckles which are covered with silver bugles.

THE POPULAR CARNATION.

A Mistake to Think This Fragrant and Beautiful Flower Cannot Be Grown by Amateur.

The impression obtains among home gardeners that carnations can't be raised except by a professional florist, when the fact is there are two or three varieties that can be easily grown by any amateur. The Margaret sorts, for instance, started from seed sown in the spring, will produce flowers all summer and fall, after which they can be potted up for flowering during winter. The choice varieties should be sown in May outdoors, transplanting when large enough, and they will make thrifty clumps by fall, which will give large quantities of flowers early the following summer. The plants are very hardy and require but slight covering and little care during the winter months. The popularity of the carnation should make it a favorite of every florist and a permanent fixture in the home garden.—Farm and Home Sentinel.

Swiss Cream.

Put a layer of sponge cakes in a glass dish and pour over them as much sherry as they will soak up. Put one pint cream, or half cream and half milk, into a lined saucepan and bring to the boiling point; pour it gradually on the four eggs well beaten, one-quarter pound loaf sugar, and a few drops of essence of almonds; pour back into a jug, set into a saucepan of boiling water, stir until it thickens; take the jug out of the water, stir the mixture until nearly cold, then add a table- spoonful of brandy; when cold pour over the sponge cakes. Garnish with crystallized fruit.

What Was Wanted.

The first performance of the play had reached the middle of the second act when the audience began to howl. "What does the public want, any- way?" queried the author, in a tone redolent with sarcasm.

"In this particular case," replied the disgusted manager, "it seems to want its money back."—Chicago News.

Seeing Things.

"Sentry" said the newly-fledged Lieutenant, halting before a sentinel and seeking to propound a query which would cause the man's embarrass- ment, "what would you do if you saw a battleship moving across the parade- ground and approaching your beat?"

"I'd stop drinking, sir," replied the soldier shortly.—Judge.

Thoughtless Man.

There was a rich fellow in Nashua, Who gave every cent of his cashua, Now he has to eschew His terrapin stew And has trouble tucking his hashua.—Houston Post.

DINING OUT.

Customer—I thought I told you to get me a wing—and on no account a leg.

Waiter—Yessir; I gave your mes- sage to the cook an' 'e sez, "My com- pliments to the gentleman, an' tell 'im as 'ow the fowls in this 'ere es- tablishment as ter walk as well as fly."—The Tatler.

Doubtful.

"Do you believe that knowledge is power?" asked Mr. Wiggs.

"I used to think so," answered Mr. Wiggs, "but I have observed that some of our most powerful financiers are distinguished by what they don't know on the witness stand."—Wash- ington Star.

Our Language.

"Ah, your language! Bet ees so dif- ficult."

"What's the matter, count?"

"First, zis novel eet say ze man was unhorsed."

"Yes?"

"Zen it say he was cowed."—Tit Bits.

Quite Simple.

"Do you understand the tariff ques- tion?"

"Perfectly," answered Mr. Cumrox. "All raw material I use in my business should be admitted duty free. Every- thing else should be taxed."—Wash- ington Star.

Broke Down.

"You told me this automobile was a snap," said the new purchaser.

"And didn't you find it to be one?" asked the dealer.

"I should say so. Something snap- ped—every five miles."—Chicago News.

And Then.

He (bitterly)—You have spurned me! I will go into the busy world. I will fight and win. My name shall be known, and my riches envied—

She (interrupting)—And then you may try me again.—Cassell's.

Slightly Sordid.

"Do you think that these people will be received in fashionable society?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I think they will go even farther than that, and be received in polite society."—Washington Star.

Revenge.

Knicker—I hear Jones has a scheme that will cost the railroad more than a pass.

Bocker—Yes; he's going to buy a farm on the line and stock it with a herd of cows.

Evident.

Little Willie—Did you tell your mother you had a good time at my birthday party?

Little Willie—I didn't have to. I was sick for two days.—Yonkers Statesman.

Closed Her Face.

"What did you say to that woman book agent?"

"I didn't say anything; I just closed the door in her face."

"Did she keep it closed?"—Houston Post.

A Biter Left.

"How does your grandmother get along now that she has lost her teeth?"

"Oh, all right. You know she has a biting tongue."—Judge.

What She Escaped.

"Don't you think she is awfully fool- ish to marry a blind man?"

"Oh, I don't know; she probably didn't wish to spend the balance of her life alone."—Houston Post.

Ties.

"So you and he are related by mar- riage?"

"Yes, in a way. My first husband is married to his second wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

ACHED IN EVERY BONE.

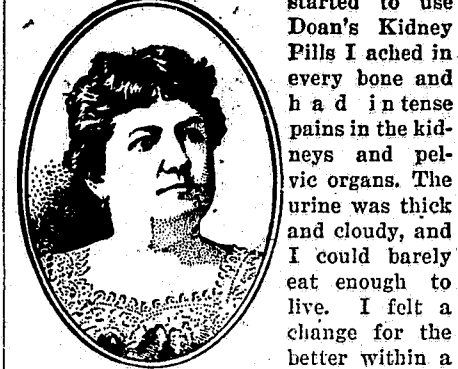
Chicago Society Woman Who Was So Sick She Could Not Sleep or Eat, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

When a woman's kidneys go wrong, her back gives out and every little task becomes a burden. She is tired, nervous, sleepless, run down—suffers daily from backache, headaches, dizzy spells, and bearing-down pains.

Don't worry over imagined "female troubles." Cure the kidneys and you will be well. Read how to find the cure.

Marion Knight, of 33 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill., member of the Chicago Federation of Musicians and a well-known club woman, says: "This winter when I started to use Doan's Kidney Pills I ached in every bone and had intense pains in the kidneys and pelvic organs. The urine was thick and cloudy, and I could barely eat enough to live. I felt a change for the better within a week. The second week I began eating heartily. I began to improve generally, and before seven weeks had passed I was well. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not help me, but \$6 worth of Doan's Kidney Pills re- stored me to perfect health."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Miss Knight will be mailed on application to any part of the United States, Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.



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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original LAXATIVE cough remedy.

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a Yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago.

For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.

BETHEL ME Marble & Granite Workers.

Chaste Designs. First-Class Workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Pleasant Evening Reveries—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

The humblest home may be made attractive with flowers and music, and these are factors of happiness far greater than the trappings of wealth.

Model Husbands.

Perhaps every married woman in our community supposes she possesses a model husband, and we should be sorry to say anything that might be the means of dispelling the delusion. We feel sure no two women weigh mankind in exactly the same scales. What one woman may regard as virtues another may regard as faults.

A model husband in our opinion is not a man who alone brings wealth to his home; nor one who endows his wife with a fine social position; but the one who gives to his wife the best of himself; who appreciates her virtues and pardons her faults.

A model husband may be a day laborer who returns to his home at night with a hard earned dollar clasped in his honest hand, and adds it to the family fund to be used to provide necessary comforts for the family. He shares faithfully with his wife whatever he may earn by trade or profession. When business matters perplex him he does not go home with a weoful tale of his hardships and turn the bright side of his character to his associates, but he comes into his home with a cheerful face that inspires his wife with new courage after a day of perplexing duties which women alone have to meet, and in their monotony become distasteful to the most patient of them.

A model husband is one who will share every hardship or sorrow. He may bring to his wife, and sweetens suffering with his words of love and sympathy and when age and infirmities rob her of her personal charms and wrinkles take the place of dimples, his love is like the holly that blossoms in the winter of adversity.

A model husband prefers the society of his wife and children to that of club, opera or dance, and when his wife shares in these recreations they are a pleasure to him; when she is absent they cease to amuse.

A model husband is not only tender and kind, he is manly and brave. It is a pitiful sight to see a strong, well-balanced woman yoked to a pigmy of a man who never had an aspiration higher than his stomach; who whines when he is hungry and grunts when he is fed.

A model husband must be an honest man; not only honest with his fellow men, thus keeping his commercial reputation above reproach, but honest in paying his obligations to his family. When he allows vice and dissipation to rob him of his manhood and self-respect he cheats his wife out of her legal rights.

Model husbands as a rule are not the outcome of circumstances, but they are natural products. A kind, loving son will become, after marriage, a model husband. A selfish, arrogant son will grow into a tyrannical, unreasonable husband because he loves himself better than any one else, and his wife will always occupy a second place in his affections; when their opinions clash, and the happiness of either party is in the balance it will be surrendered, or there will be friction in the household.

We believe in the existence of model husbands; in fact we have known great, noble, self-sacrificing men who would scorn to impose on any creature dependent upon them for care and protection. Yet we are skeptical of the abundance of such men, and we too often find a vast gulf between the real and the ideal which cannot be bridged by human prayers or human tears. Some men may run well for a season, then drop their masks at intervals; later these are laid aside revealing the true character of the man. Then the beautiful bubble bursts and the rainbow tints vanish in mid air, leaving

wiser and sadder women to mourn over their shattered idols.

Herbert Spencer, who is the best authority on biological truths, thinks that the eventual mixture of the varieties of the race will produce in America a finer type of man than has heretofore existed in our world, more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life, and flatters the coming women with the assurance that America will produce men grander than the world has yet known, so if this be true those not already mated may find little difficulty in securing model husbands. When a woman does possess a model husband she should crown him with earth's brightest and most precious diadem, a woman's love.

ABOUT CLIFF DWELLERS.

Theory Advanced by Investigator Accounting for Quaint Dwellings.

A new explanation as to why the cliff dwellings are situated at such an immense height was advanced by the commissioner of Indian affairs, Francis E. Leupp, at the recent meeting of the New York state chapter of the Colorado Cliff Dwellings association. The theory was stated the New York Times, that at the time the cliff dwellers built their quaint homes, (probably as far back as the age of mammoths), an immense stream flowed by almost on a level with the houses. This flow of water gradually wore down the bed of the river until it became so sunken as to leave the houses at an almost inaccessible elevation.

Another interesting point brought out by the commissioner related to the fact that the doorways of the dwellings average only three or four feet in height. The builders had constructed these openings on the principle that as animals had small openings in the ground, human beings needed doorways only sufficiently large to allow the body to pass through.

Mr. Leupp described these dwellings when viewed as a whole as a sight of impressive grandeur with the unbroken silence brooding over all.

PENS OF GREAT HARDNESS

They Are Made of Tantalite, a Metal Newly Discovered in Germany.

A German correspondent writes as follows concerning "tantalite pens," a recent invention: Dr. Werner von Bolton has succeeded in producing the metal tantalite in a pure state and declared that it possessed a very extraordinary hardness. Sheets made of tantalite were so hard that with a diamond drill, which worked 5,000 revolutions a minute, hardly a noticeable impression was made and the drill itself was dulled. At that time it was stated that the firm intended to manufacture tools and other articles of tantalite.

This latest patent is the result of experiments to make use of the properties of tantalite. The tantalite pen resists chemicals to a very high degree; it is much harder and more elastic than the steel pen and on that account indestructible. It is even more elastic than a gold pen, and it is predicted that if it will be placed upon the market at a moderate price it will supersede both steel and gold pens.

Japanese Girl Mountaineers.

A little girl named Yaskuo, aged ten, daughter of Admiral Kabayama, accompanied by a girl student of the Tokio Jogakikan named Kiyoko, aged 15, daughter of Consul General Arakawa, and one maid, began to climb Fuji-yama on the 16th instant, says the Japan Mail, and intended to spend a night at the seventh station, but they were compelled to stay there for two nights because of the stormy weather. They finally accomplished their object of reaching the summit and returned home safely on the 18th. Miss Yaskuo kept an interesting diary of her trip for her father. So far comparatively few Japanese girls or women have ascended Fuji, but latterly the idea has been popular among girl students. Miss Yaskuo, the heroine of the present successful trip, lives at Gotemba, and is said to have been inspired to the effort by daily contemplation of the big mountain as seen from her father's garden.

Subterranean Telegraph.

There is now underground telegraphic communication between London and Scotland. Germany's underground system dates from 1870. France followed suit, in 1879, as the result of a great storm that isolated Paris in 1875. Up to date her system has cost \$36,000,000, but is believed to have more than paid for itself. Lines constructed in 1880 are still in excellent condition.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Plummer.

FELLOW-LOVE OF WOMEN.

Illustrative Instance of the Strength of It When Dress Enters the Question.

"When I was down in Tennessee last," said a drummer for a New York dress-goods house, according to Judge, "a customer of mine, after buying a nice bill of goods, invited me to go to his home with him to show some samples to his sister. He was going to be married, and, as the prospective bride was poor, he intended to give her a wedding-dress, and wanted his sister to select it. He was a bachelor about 50, and was a bit shy on wedding togethery. His home was next door, and I wasn't more than introduced and my business stated when I was aware that the sister wasn't favorable to the match.

"Why, John," she protested, "I don't want to pick out a dress. You can do it as well as I can."

"No, I can't," he insisted.

"Well, let her do it, then. She's going to wear it."

"Yes, but I don't want her to know anything about it. I want to surprise her."

"I had spread out my samples and was waiting."

"Oh," she said, partly to him and partly to me, "pick out anything that suits you. She's so anxious to get married, she'd wear a barrel rather than miss the chance."

"With which she flouted out of the room, and I had to select the material for John's bride's wedding-dress, as he was totally inadequate."

Postmaster Robbed.

G. W. Fouts, Postmaster at River-ton, Ia., nearly lost his life and was robbed of all comfort, according to his letter, which says: "For 20 years I had chronic liver complaint, which led to such a severe case of jaundice that even my finger nails turned yellow; then my doctor prescribed Electric Bitters which cured me and, has kept me well for eleven years."

Sure cure for Biliousness, Neuralgia, Weakness and all Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder derangements. A wonderful Tonic. At any Drug store. 50 cents.

Cracker-Jack.

One cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil until it cracks in cold water, then take from the fire, add a half teaspoonful of soda, beat briskly, and pour over popcorn and chopped peanuts.

Fewer Floral Decorations.

Florists are complaining that there is no longer any demand for the elaborate house decorations they used to supply during the season in New York. The extravagant and complicated floral pieces formerly popular at weddings or dances in private houses are now used only when such functions occur at restaurants and hotels.

Mary's Frankfurters.

Mary had some little "dogs." She put 'em in to stew. They never growled a single bit, Until she'd eaten two. —Yonkers Statesman.

STRAP - HANGER'S FORCE OF HABIT.

Jones (arriving late, after a busy day, and addressing his wife)—Madam, take my coat, please. I'm 'cushtomed to stand.—The Sketch.

No Delay.

Knicker—Has Smith's auto every convenience? Bookie—Yes; he carries his own coat to arrest him and his own judge to try him.—N. Y. Sun.

Wasted.

Patience—Priscilla says there's nothing wasted in her house. Patrice—She's wrong. I saw her kissing her pet dog.—Yonkers Statesman.

Worse Than an Ordinary Break.

"Can you lend me five, old man?" "Broke again?" "Yes, I guess it is a compound fracture this time."—Town Topics.

How It Goes.

Edgar—In winter the ice man has my sympathy. Oscar—And the coal man your money.—Town Topics.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A Guaranteed Cure For The Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN-O-INTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

A LUCKY FATHER AND SON.

The following narrative of the suffering of a father and son will prove interesting to the readers of this paper. G. C. Bartholomew, of Kalkaska, Mich., says: "I located in this place several years ago, having formerly resided in Troy, N. Y. I was a great sufferer from what the physicians of Troy called BRIGHT'S DISEASE."

As a last resort I commenced the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. The result is a little short of a miracle. All the terrible symptoms of this disease are gone. I do not have any more difficulty in voiding the urine, no pain or ache in the small of the back, no more soreness across the loins or over the bladder, no more constipation or other symptoms of disease of the kidneys, liver or bladder.

So you see, help came to me in Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Who would begrudge the cost of this medicine (One dollar a bottle) for such a blessing or refuse this token of gratitude, for being perfectly cured? And I hope my writing this will induce others who suffer from kidney or blood disorder to use the medicine. My son George suffered for many years with a fever sore on his leg. He used one bottle of this medicine and part of another, and as sure as I am writing this grateful acknowledgment, his leg is entirely healed up."

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Sold by W. E. Bösserman, Bethel, Me.

Regiment's Severe Test. In presenting colors to the Second battalion, South Staffordshire regiment, at Benares, India, the other day, the prince of Wales recalled the fact that the regiment had been shipwrecked three times, each time showing perfect discipline, and he remarked that a shipwreck tested a regiment's discipline more severely than a battle.

Sorry for the Groom. "I suppose you've heard that I'm to marry Mr. Green?" she said to one of her old friends. "No," he replied, coldly. "You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it."

"Why should I be? Not knowing Mr. Green, I haven't any grudge against him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mikado's Medics. The emperor of Japan is always attended by physicians despite the fact that he is in excellent health. Four eminent medical gentlemen are attached to the imperial household and one is within call at all hours of the day and night. The pulse and temperature of his majesty are taken four times each day and the results are carefully recorded.

Have Won Titles. There are now five British peeresses who were actresses, namely: May Carrington (Lady de Clifford, Belle Bilton (Countess Clancarty), Connie Guchrist (Countess Orkney), Rosie Boote (Marchioness of Headfort), and Anna Robinson (Countess of Rosslyn).

Not Quiet Then. Mrs. Gusch—I like your husband's style very much. Mrs. Planeley—How do you mean? "He's such a quiet dresser."

"Huh! You should hear him some time when he can't find his collar buttons."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Hard-Working Reformer. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "it 'pears to me like a reformer was one o' deshere people dat has to talk two hours an' a half to 'spress one o' de ten commandments. An' dar warn't no dispute 'bout dat in de firs' place."—Washington Star.

Very Different. "I think Flora is a mean thing. When her Fido and my Rover were fighting, she kicked my poor Rover."

"Why didn't you stop her?" "I was too busy kicking Fido."—N. Y. Times.

Old Song Writer. Will S. Hayes, whose songs, "Mollie Darling," "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," etc., were sung two-score years ago, is living in Louisville, Ky., and recently celebrated the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth.

Bombard the Clouds. French winegrowers are more than ever convinced that hailstorms can be averted by the timely firing of cannon. In the Beaujolais district alone, 462 cannon are now in use.

Suez Canal Too Narrow. It is urged by the Liverpool Underwriters' association that the Suez canal be doubled in breadth or else that an entirely new canal be built.

Had It Out. McTavish—Have you a light, Donald? Donald—Aye, but it's out.—Scraps.

Too Far Back. Second childhood is a mighty poor second.—Puck.

Two Sides Always. One man's word is good until you hear the other man's story.

Deaths from Appendicitis decrease in the same ratio that the use of Dr. King's New Life Pills increases. They save you from danger and bring quick and painless release from constipation and the ill growing out of it. Strength and vigor always follow their use. Guaranteed by all Druggists. 25c. Try them.

IRA C. JORDAN.

Dealer in

General Merchandise and

GRAIN,

BETHEL,

MAINE.

C. K. FOX,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes,

Gents' Furnishings.

Ask about Dutchess Trousers.

Ten cents a button, one dollar a rip.

Main Street,

Bethel, Maine

Sucrene Dairy Feed

Has no equal

It is composed of Cotton Seed Meal, Gluten Feed, Corn, Oats, and Barley product with Molasses and is STRICTLY UNADULTERATED. No healthier or more profitable feed for dairy purposes can be devised.

It makes healthier and fatter cows, more and better milk for less money than any other feed.

Feed equal amounts IN WEIGHT as you do of other grains. Sold by

Woodbury & Purington, Bethel, Maine.

EVERY DAY SALE.

I will sell at Private Sale at my store on Main St., on

Six Days and Three Nights in Every Week

everything in a Grocer's outfit including

A choice line of

Frankforts, Bologna Sausage,

Penley's Blue Tagged Smoked Ham,

Pressed Cooked Ham, Salt Pork,

Pickled Tripe, Salt Mackerel,

Luncheon Halibut, Boneless Salt Fish,

Oysters, Clams, and a thousand and

one things too numerous to mention.

Goods delivered at time of sale.

C. A. LUCAS, BETHEL, ME.

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. Grove on Box. 25c.

Fishing Tackle.

Fly and Bait Rods, Silk Lines, Enamel Lines,
Waterproof Lines, Archer Spinners for Trout
and Salmon, The "Kosmic" Spinner, Stealing
Spinner, Reels, Fly Hooks, Spoon
Hooks, Tackle Boxes, Bait Pails, Lead-
ers, Dip Nets, Etc.

These are all new Goods and the
prices moderate.

W. F. Bosserman,

Druggist and Newsdealer,
BETHEL, MAINE.

WANTED.

Notice.

Beginning on Saturday, April 21st, 1936, the Bethel Savings Bank and the Bethel National Bank will be open to business on Saturdays from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. including noon hour. Bank hours for other days in the week are not changed but remain from 9 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1:30 p. m. to 4 p. m.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK,
3448 BETHEL NATIONAL BANK.

100 MEN WANTED.

50 first-class machinists, and 50 bright, active, and energetic men. We have good openings for men who have such qualifications and who are willing to apply themselves to the work with the intention of making for themselves good, permanent, paying positions. In applying, state fully where you have worked and the class of work you have done, also state age and whether married or single. We have no labor trouble, but just a large increase in business.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO.,
Bellows Falls, Vt.

Notice.

Having purchased the mail and express business of Mrs. Putnam, I would respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. Any orders left on the book at the Postoffice or telephone to the central office will receive careful attention.

A. VAN DEN KERCKHOVEN.

WANTED: by Chicago wholesale and mail order house, assistant manager (man or woman) for this country and adjoining territory. Salary \$20 and expenses paid weekly; expense money advanced. Work pleasant; position permanent. No investment required. Spare time valuable. Write for particulars and enclose self-addressed envelope.

SUPERINTENDENT, 113 Lake St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Farm for Sale.

Fifty acres, situated at West Bethel, well divided as to wood, pasture and tillage. Buildings in good repair. Running water in house and barn. Price right. Inquire of

C. L. ABBOTT, JR.,
36 R. F. D. No. 4, Bethel, Maine.

Wanted More Silence.

She—"It's ever woman's lot to suffer in silence."
He—"Yes; and if they'd only let us suffer in the same way how happy we'd be."—T. H. B.

Those Hats.

"Is my hat on straight?"
"Perfectly."
"Then it's on crooked; wait a minute till I fix it; it ought to tilt a little."—Houston Post.

Psychical.

Tommy—"Pa what is meant by auto suggestion?"
Pa—"It's when your ma drops a hint a minute that she wants one."—N. Y.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

WE WILL START YOU IN THE Tea & Coffee Business.

We offer a special opportunity and will start you in a Tea, Coffee and Spice business of your own; hundreds have been successful under our co-operation and are now prosperous merchants; we assist you and work with you to make you successful; teas in any quantity \$5.00 to \$25.00 per pound for the finest grades; write for our 1936 price list and special information; 35 years in business.

NEW YORK, CHINA & JAPAN TEA CO.
(IMPORTERS)
Hudson New York City

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW

An Advertising Novelty That Missed a Pair of Bright Young Men.

It was just at the height of the fashionable shopping tour when two masculine individuals looking somewhat bored turned the corner of Sixth avenue and proceeded to saunter up Twenty-third street, relates the New York Times. Suddenly the man in tan-colored spats stopped with a jerk and exclaimed:

"By Jove, at last! A new thing I do believe!" His blase companion in the gray paddock gazed in the direction indicated and remarked under his breath: "Well, I'll be—"

What they saw was a magnificently gowned woman, her hat gorgeous, with many plumes, carrying aloft an ordinary white sign, bearing in black letters: "All suffering from corns and bunions can find immediate and permanent relief by calling on Dr. Brown."

Struck dumb with astonishment, these seekers after the new and strange hurried through the crowd for a nearer view. Their evident intention was to pass the object of their curiosity, then turn about and obtain a full view of the woman brave enough to face the public under such circumstances. They accomplished their purpose; that is, they got a good look at a shabby old derelict, all harnessed up with a signboard held in his shaky old person by straps and other things—the whole outfit was of a height to bring the advertisement just in the proper place over the head of the unconscious shopper to produce the effect of its being carried by her. A sorrowful voice, presumably belonging to one of the disappointed youths, was heard to remark: "Stung again!"

HAS A "NEW JERUSALEM."

Village of Western Australia Honored with That Celestial Name.

"New Jerusalem," in its celestial sense, is a phrase familiar to the singers of hymns and the hearers of sermons; but it may not be generally known that there is a terrestrial "New Jerusalem" within the bounds of our own empire, says the London Chronicle. It is a settlement in western Australia, and has just been officially inspected by the local minister of lands; the Hon. N. J. Moore. It was founded three years ago by a converted Jew named Solomon Fisher. He established the "Church of the First Born," which is apparently a combination of Christianity and Judaism. He obtained a grant of 10,000 acres of land from the western Australian government, and there located his settlement, which has now a population of 61, who all profess the peculiar faith of the founder. A "spirit of cooperation and mutual help" is said to permeate this "New Jerusalem." The land is subdivided into small farms, and each homestead has its orchard and garden. The inhabitants meet at stated times for worship and recreation in a central building, called by two names—the synagogue and the social hall. Here they all assembled to meet the minister of lands, who expressed great surprise and pleasure at the progress made by the settlement in so short a time. He promised favorable consideration to their request for a branch line from the railway, which is 25 miles off.

SOME VERY QUICK THINGS

Among Them the Thoughts of the Dozing Dreamer Is the Head "Skidooer."

A flash of light is not sluggish; sound travels rapidly; a bullet is no messenger boy, and an automobile which shoots a mile in 28 seconds is moving along, certainly. When it comes to getting over the ground in a real hurry, however, to devouring distances in dead earnest, says the Providence Journal, the dreamer marches proudly at the head of the procession. He makes the latest thing in the line of 150-horse power racing cars look like hay carts in a mud bank. A man sits in his chair after dinner and dozes; he awakes with a start and discovers, to his surprise, that he lost consciousness for exactly three minutes by the clock. Yet in those three minutes he journeyed from New York to Port Said, transferred himself to St. Petersburg, loitered in Paris and London and sailed up the Nile. What is of greater importance in this connection, he journeyed leisurely, almost indolently; he stopped at various "points of interest" and examined them thoroughly; he met with annoying and amusing experiences on steamships and trains; he talked with acquaintances whom he encountered in foreign lands, and he told some of them precisely what he thought of them—there was genuine pleasure in that. A dreamer can put thousands and thousands of miles behind him in the short space of three minutes and lazily enjoy himself in his wandering. By comparison, the chauffeur, with his life in his hands, is a slow coach; and he must attend strictly to business; he can engage in no conversation or sightseeing.

The human mind is a wonderful vehicle. Some people in spectacles have analyzed it and think that they know what it is and what it can do. But they do not know and they never will know.

THE MAD MONTH OF MARCH

Called the "Thracian of the Twelve," Because of Its Blustering Aspect.

Mars was not a favorite among the classic Greeks, nor is his name-month a great favorite among the "Gothic moderns." The god of war was a barbarian intruder in the Olympian circle. There was something Thracian, and by that token crude and unworthy, in his manner. He was more of a blusterer than a fighter, and Homer narrates with evident relish how Pallas Athene tumbled him over in combat, his vast bulk covering several acres. Of wild aspect, untutored ways and indifferent wits, he had little to recommend him but his immortal origin.

Such also, says the New York Mail, is the month that has taken the war god's name. One poet notes its "ugly looks and threats." "A half-wild creature cast from nature's lap," another calls it. The proverb "mad as a March hare" says the same thing with less reticence. English people call the month "March manyweathers," and thereby intimate their doubt of its capacity for sustained purpose. It is the Thracian of the 12, as September is the Tyrian. There is something blustering and barren in its aspect, as there is in what people call "a good war." The winds that blow from one end of it to the other are not "the winds of God." A peck of March dust may be worth a king's ransom, as a wise saw has it, but from the average human it gets less grateful regard. "Beware the ices of March" is good wisdom for our common humanity.

RED MAN'S LAST ROLL-CALL

Disintegration of the Indian Tribes Under Direction of White Men.

"Like the Moorish king Abu Abdallah, looking mournfully backward at his lost Granada, Geronimo, from Fort Sill, gazes westward across prairies and hills to the Arizona of his great days which he will not see again, writes C. M. Harvey, in Atlantic. Up at Pine Ridge agency the Sioux nonagenarian Red Cloud, the most famous of living Indian warriors, who could tell as many marvels as Aeneas told to Dido, refused to accept the government's offer of an allotment of land, and goes down, like Dickens' Steerforth in the sbrm at Yarmouth, waving his hand defiantly in the face of destiny. Most of Hercules' labors looked light compared with the task which the late Henry L. Dawes undertook when he and the commission created under the law of 1893 started out to induce the Choctaws, the Creeks and their neighbors to allot their lands to their members as individuals, to abolish their tribal government, and to merge themselves in the mass of the country's citizenry. That work has been grandly finished. The last councils of the Five Tribes have been held. The epic of the American Indian has closed.

Canned Paintings.

Paintings under glass may now be preserved indefinitely. Had the men of old known this, the pictures of Apelles might still live in the first freshness of their colors, and the work of Raphael and Michael Angelo would look to-day as it looked when it left the painter's hands. The method of preservation is simple. The canvas is placed in a vacuum. It is preserved, like fruit. It is sealed up from all the destructive influences of the atmosphere. Since metal figures in the operation, the canvas might, indeed, be said to be canned. There is no reason why paintings, kept in this manner in a vacuum, should not endure indefinitely.

SOME BEE WISDOM.

Matters of Various Kinds Which the Beekeeper Will Do Well to Consider.

Be sure that drinking water is within easy reach of the bees.

The advantages of providing water for the bees are, first, to prevent the disease known as thirst; second, when bees are allowed to forage away from the apiary, they obtain, oftentimes, water which is impure and of so low a temperature as to be injurious to their delicate organisms, and they become chilled and cannot return to the hive.

Place pure water in close proximity to the colony; keep the temperature of the water right.

Negligence in the apiary results in losses.

One of the greatest secrets of successful beekeeping is having the brood chamber full of brood at the commencement of the white honey harvest. Unless all colonies are strong in brood and bees when the honey harvest arrives, we are sure of failing to reap the best results.

A good, strong colony of bees is a good preventive against moths.

Even a moderately strong, or weak colony, will keep out the moths if the bees are of good Italian stock.

So the evident remedy is to keep Italian bees, and if for a time it is necessary to have blacks, let the colonies be strong, even if some uniting must be done.

If hives in which bees die through the winter are left until warm weather without any bees in them, such hives will become a perfect hotbed for worms.

When it is found that worms are making their appearance, either sulphur them, or place the combs in a story under a hive containing a strong colony.

A strong colony of Italians can take care of three or four stories of comb.

In all our operations with bees, we must use gentleness. All quick, sudden jars and motions irritate them.

Bees are always more gentle and less inclined to sting when they are gathering plenty of honey, and at such times the hives can be opened with very little danger; whereas, when there is a dearth of honey, the inmates of the same hive might show a great spirit of resentment.

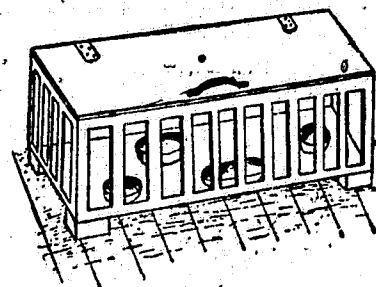
The invention of the movable frame, and of the honey extractor, has afforded beekeepers the means of taking out of the hives the combs loaded with honey, and of returning them to the bees when empty, without damage or the killing of a single bee.

When starting to keep bees, suggests the Farm Journal, it is best not to commence with many colonies. A half dozen in well-arranged hives would be sufficient. Learn to handle them. As knowledge is gained, the apiary can be enlarged to a profitable size.

FEEDING CRATE FOR FOWLS

Arrangement Which Will Prevent a Waste of Feed and Will Aid in Keeping the Quarters Clean.

It is not always convenient, even though good policy, to have the most up-to-date feeding devices for hens kept in confinement on a small scale. Indeed, the owner in such cases almost invariably feels that he cannot afford



HANDY FEEDING CRATE FOR FOWLS.

utensils more elaborate than common dishes or pans in which to put the food and water. Set about on the floor, with no particular guard or protection, however, the contents of such receptacles are sure to be soiled and wasted more or less by the fowls getting into them with their feet, and frequently scattered and lost by their overturning them.

The Prairie Farmer suggests that the proper way to obviate this difficulty is to make a crate like that shown in the accompanying cut. This has solid bottom and a top that lifts on hinges. The sides should consist of lath or other slats, fastened far enough apart to permit the birds to reach through and partake of the food, water and grit in the various dishes at pleasure.

The Honey and Egg Makers. Fence the fowls against all marauding animals.

Keep a good supply of old plaster before the chicks.

Cleanliness is effective in keeping the fowls in health.

During cold weather it is best to water an hour after feeding.

Both pigeons and geese pair; but ducks, turkeys and hens do not.

Bees have been known to fly as far as seven miles in search of flowers.

A single swarm has been known to make 1,000 pounds of honey in a season.

It's the under part of a hen's body that has no protection. All wet soaks in and chills the hen, thus causing most ailments.

The air in an ordinary family cellar will not be fit for bees if decaying apples, cabbage and turnips are not regularly sorted out and removed.

When a sick or droopy fowl is noticed, and there is a doubt about what ails it, a good family liver pill is the safest treatment and the chances are it is just what it needed.—Farm Journal.

THE BLUE STORES

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE

The month of May will speedily fill the landscape with Spring Suits,

A few days ago it took courage to wear a Spring Suit. Now it takes more courage to keep on your Winter "duds."

We handle the clothing made by the world's best makers, and our patrons must of necessity be well dressed. KIRCHBAUM and T. & S. Co.'s Suits, Top Coats and Rain Coats. KIRCHBAUM'S

and JOSEPH YESKA'S Outing Suits and Fancy Vests. Little Giant and "Widow Jones" Suits and Rain Coats for young Men and Boys. Man is in duty bound to be well and correctly dressed. We are at your service when you are ready for your Suit.

F. H. NOYES COMPANY,
Norway, (2 stores) South Paris

A NEW NAME

But The Same Old Management

We have purchased the stock, trade fixtures, accounts and good will of the Smiley Shoe Store and shall continue the business in the same old way; only hoping to serve our customers better than formerly. It is our purpose to give the very best values possible and to use all alike, and everyone right. Our new spring goods are the best the market affords. We shall carry the same large stock and you will be sure to find what you want here. Do not forget we carry a full line of all kinds of Footwear, also Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases. Call and let us prove our statements.

THE E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

Successors to

SMILEY SHOE STORE

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, MAINE.

Telephone 112-3

RAIN COATS

in new spring patterns, suitable for an overcoat or rainproof garment. Light and dark patterns in Worsted and Cassimeres with and without belts as you prefer.

\$10 TO \$18.

H. B. FOSTER,
Norway, Me.



Getting Early.

Mr. Stople—"Won't you sing something?"

Miss Tersleep—"Oh, dear no! Don't you know it's unlucky to sing before breakfast?"—Cleveland Leader.

Wouldn't Spoil Him.

"Your majesty, the new missionary wishes to teach us to play football."

"All right, we are going to use him for hash, anyhow."—Houston Post.

Makes a Difference.

"What is the sign when a man stumbles going upstairs?"

"Midday or midnight?"—Houston Post.

What Did She Call Him?

Reggie thought hard and then delivered himself of his prettiest speech. "You are like a flower, Miss Ethel," he said, "and—er—I love flowers."

"Do you?" she murmured. "And what do I remind you of—a thistle?"—Cleveland Leader.

An Apprehension.

Life's gentle gastronomic charms were long, no doubt, will rudely stop. No more for food we'll seek the farms, we'll buy it at the chemist's shop.

—Washington Star.

A LONG SHORE MAN.



Salt Peter—"Aye, sir, they summer visitors mostly carls me a ould sea dorg, they dew."

Brown—"Ah, then, you'll be one of those 'ocean greyhounds' one hears so much about now-a-days."

One on the Boss.

The Manager—"I hear your husband has had an opera hat named after him. The Prima Donna—Indeed! And why is that?"

"So easy to shut up, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wrappers and Shirt Waist Suits.

THE DOMESTIC, best made design, and best colors. This is you an idea what we have in our extensive line. This is your opportunity to select a dainty and suitable WRAPPER or SHIRT WAIST SUIT.

WRAPPERS of good percale, and white, fancy checked and new and choice designs, front, trimmed with one side band, shirt waist with belt eight inch flounce.

WRAPPERS of American black ground with figure stripes, front trimmed with rows of flat braid in fancy sign, back trimmed with row braid, turnover collar trimmed, ten inch flounce.

WRAPPERS of good percale, fine assortment of good front trimmed with two inch tucks, fitted back with two box pleats, gathered at waist with belt, shirt waist effect to the front.

WRAPPERS like cut, of good scale in figure and striped yoke back and front trimmed with one inch bias braid, inch ruffle around yoke over shoulders, very full inch flounce.

WRAPPERS of extra fine percale and navy, choice figured and striped, front trimmed with two rows flat braid, house dress gathers at waist with belt, full sleeves, eight inch flounce.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS made of scale in black and white, full front, detachable collar, seven gored skirt with ten inch flounce.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS of checks and figured waist has very pretty yoke eight tucks, trimmed with pearl buttons, six inch flounce.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS in percale, in white ground dots and stripes.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS of percale in neat checked fancy yoke trimmed with buttons.

Thomas

Telephone 112-2.

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At Bethel, Fridays and Saturdays

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For Coughs, Colds and